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DEC 3 1945

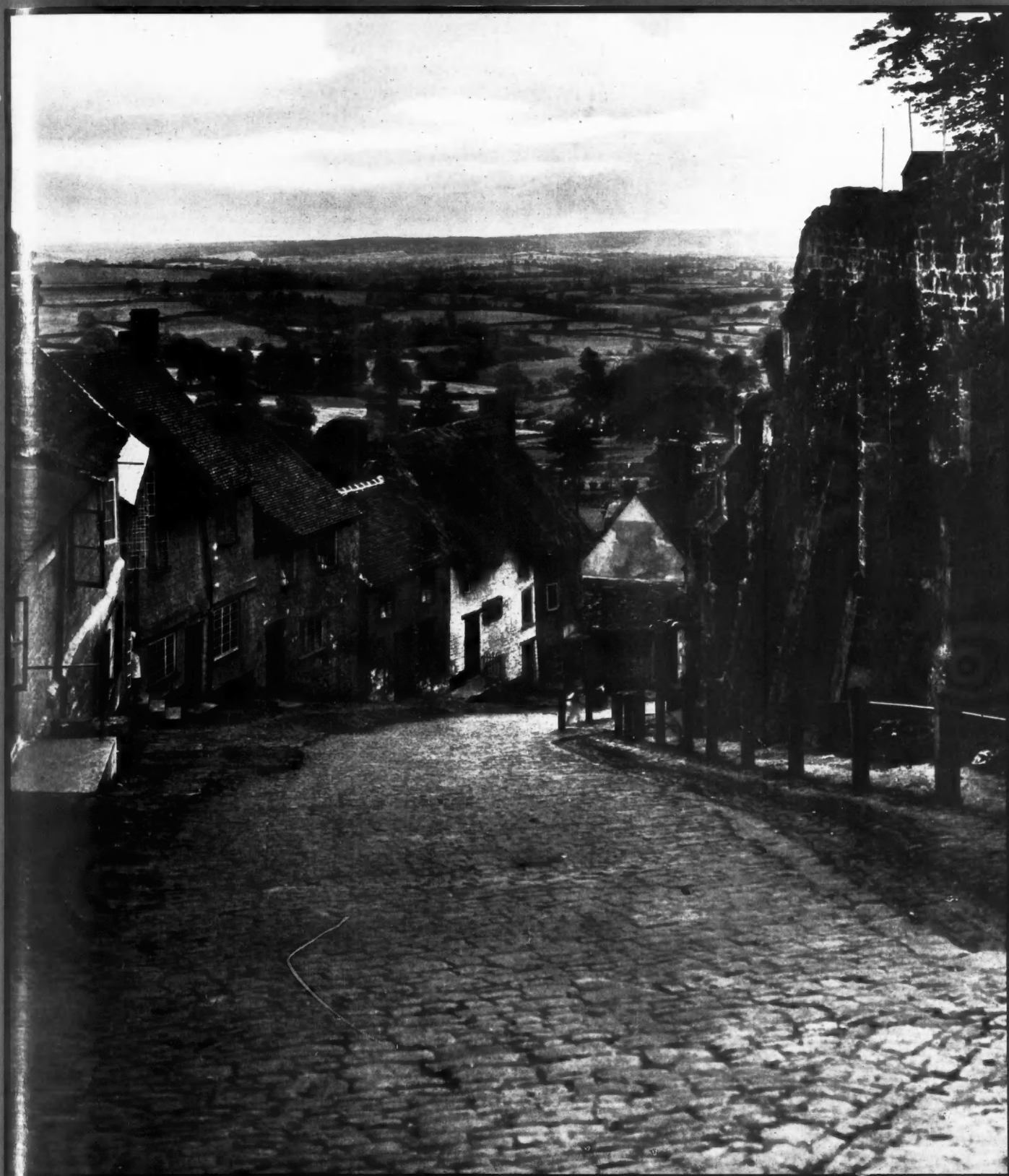
# COUNTRY LIFE

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ADVERTISING PAGE 802.

# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVIII. No. 2547

NOVEMBER 9, 1945



*Harlip*

MRS. JOHN MARTIN WARD-HARRISON

Mrs. Ward-Harrison, wife of Major J. M. Ward-Harrison, M.C., 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. C. A. Fleury Teulon, of Hazel Bush, Stockton on the Forest, Yorkshire



# COUNTRY LIFE

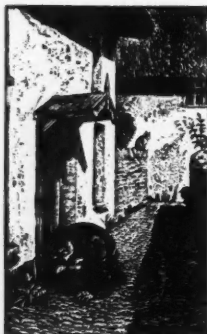
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## THE RIGHT TO OBJECT

THE proposal of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society that lovers of country rambles should enlist themselves to take part in a survey of public footpaths and bridleways is a fascinating one. The necessary field-work—walking the paths, noting their condition and the details of obstructions and direction posts—they will find easy and enjoyable, but it will of course be necessary to bear in mind the fact that the information gathered has to be checked against the records of local authorities and of maps deposited by owners under the Rights of Way Act. If the field-work is to be really useful it is essential, for these purposes, that a uniform system of marking the six-inch Ordnance Survey sheets—which are the only possible maps for the purpose—should be generally adopted. A Joint Committee of the Preservation Society and the Ramblers' Association has therefore issued a series of Instructions for the preparation of Footpath Surveys, in which are set out all the symbols which field surveyors need to use, together with notes on method and a specimen "log sheet." The use which can be made of the information gathered in reasserting or re-establishing rights of way was never more necessary than at the present moment. Apart from paths which have been lost for six years in Service enclosures, and those many thousands which have been ploughed up and carved up by the W.A.E.Cs., there are many more which, in a period of public immobility have gradually become—in part at least—obliterated.

If the rights of way and rights to the enjoyment of open spaces which have been established in the past are to be maintained, it will only be in the long run by the determination and will of the public themselves—acting as individuals as well as through their voluntary societies, which have done such excellent work in the past. The history of war-time enclosures shows many examples where a little less self-assertiveness on the part of the local inhabitants or of watchfulness on the part of local authorities would undoubtedly have led to the final loss of public rights. A great deal of work has had to be done in ensuring that as little public inconvenience as possible should be caused, and that paths should be duly restored when arable cultivation was discontinued, as well as in getting the principle officially recognised that existing public roads should not be palmed off as satisfactory substitutes for temporarily abandoned footpaths. The size of the problem is indicated by the fact that one Defence Department alone has issued over a thousand Orders for the closing or diversion of over three thousand rights of way, and it is quite clear that had the Requisitioned Land Act not been most severely criticised and rigorously overhauled in the House of Commons, the public

would have lost all right of objection to an impartial and nationally minded tribunal in a great many of these cases.

It is doubtful even now whether the Act affords sufficient safeguards against arbitrary action on the part of Government Departments and Statutory Undertakings, and the same applies also to the Forestry Act of this year and even more to the Housing (Temporary Accommodation) Act, which allows local authorities to use commons and public open spaces for the erection of temporary housing. This hasty piece of legislation may have been necessary, but it is no use blinding ourselves to the fact that it provides little if any safeguard against the permanent sequestration of public land, if a public authority for any reason chooses to let "temporary" housing become permanent by lapse of time. In the case both of the Requisitioned Land Act and the Forestry Act the public is left to depend too much on Government Departments refraining from doing things which they could legally do but which would be contrary to the public interest in open spaces. Bland and generous as the public spirited assurances of a Minister may be, he cannot bind his successors, and it is surely not a very happy augury that the most important of these measures when first presented to Parliament contained not a single mention of rights of way, commons or open spaces—an index, surely, to the importance attached to such matters by the Treasury, that most important of all our Government Departments.

## THE LENS

*I WILL pause from labour,  
And interrupt my grief  
To make this moment happy.  
For I learned when a boy  
To peer through tears of crystal  
And see the light enlarged,  
While the small grains of trouble  
With which my life was charged  
Were magnified to joy.*

RICHARD CHURCH.

## RE-ORGANISING GREATER LONDON

THE American surveyors who arrived at Meopham to plot a new satellite town seem to have been too quick off the mark. For although Sir Patrick Abercrombie had suggested one there, the 143 local authorities of Greater London met for the first time to discuss the implications of the Ministry's plan early last week. The Conference, convened by Mr. Silkin, is appointing an Advisory Committee to co-ordinate the examinations and agree on the outlines of the Greater London plan in order that interim development within the area—2,599 square miles—may be controlled as soon as possible; their discussion to be concluded by June 30. Mr. Clement Davies, Liberal Member for Montgomery, is to be Chairman of the Committee, and also of a smaller one to consider the even more ticklish question of the permanent regional machinery to be set up to secure concerted action over Greater London as a whole, i.e., including the County and the City as well as the outer area. In his original Report, Sir Patrick adumbrated for this purpose a Planning Board for Greater London which would not only be responsible for seeing that all the constituent local planning authorities observe the rules of the outline plan, but should have power to buy and sell land and construct roads; indeed be the general staff and central exchequer of the region as regards planning. It is difficult to suggest a workable alternative, but the idea will probably evoke some warm discussions.

## THE NATION'S GRATITUDE

HONOURING individuals is out of fashion nowadays, like the old-world fallacy that individual enterprise or achievement benefits instead of injures the community. The Prime Minister's tribute of gratitude to the Services and people of the Commonwealth, eloquent as it was, yet sounded a little flat, even a little sanctimonious in their elected representative, to ears hoping to catch at least the names of

those men on whom their confidence has been centred for six years. But no. The victorious leader receives no greater honour from a true democracy than the most recalcitrant conscript and, whatever his past services to the community, the general whose genius may have inspired millions and planned victory, indeed saved the lives of many, returns to the ranks. It may all be very noble and right, but somehow it leaves a feeling of anti-climax, of inhuman ingratitude. For, however true it is that "we were all in it," in the war as never before, it is equally true that never were the responsibilities of individual leaders so tremendous. Therein lies the fallacy of the common man. While few may wish to raise our great leaders to the lonely eminence of a Marlborough or a Wellington, most, we believe, would be happier to know that their latter years would be spent in conditions befitting an uncommon man, of a man whom his fellows delight, not grudge, to honour.

## GREAT ENGLISH HOMES

IN the bad old days, national leaders and victorious generals usually built a more or less splendid country house as the home of a dynasty. Most of these still exist, with their historic contents and fine parks, and constitute the most characteristic English contribution to European architecture and civilisation. It is now clear that, without some form of relief or subvention, many of the more artistically and historically important cannot be maintained much longer, if at all, for their original purpose of a family home. Writing from one of the most famous, the Marchioness of Exeter asks on another page what is to become of them. The National Trust scheme cannot apply in all cases, and conversion to a museum, show place, or institution, while preserving the structure, fails to retain the essential atmosphere of a continuously inhabited home. Yet the educational and æsthetic value of these places is generally acknowledged to be an unique national asset. Lady Exeter emphasises the practical impossibility of obtaining the domestic staff required for opening Burghley, and no doubt the same applies to many other houses formerly accessible to the public. In a following article Lord Methuen will review the existing legislation covering historic monuments in comparison with those prevailing in France and discuss possible means of extending it to cover inhabited buildings, at present excluded. Another contributor to the series will deal with an alternative possibility, the use of the country house as a recreational and cultural centre for its neighbourhood. But it is the question of staffage that seems to be at the heart of the problem and will be examined further in a concluding article.

## BLUES AND BLACKS

DURING the war-time there were innumerable deprivations which obviously were of no moment and yet evoked a good deal of sympathy for the sufferers. Among these victims were the young gentlemen at Oxford and Cambridge who represented their University against its traditional enemy on fields of sport and yet received no Blues. They had in lieu a "representative colour," in which the sacred shade played a part, but it was not the genuine article, and the chance once gone is gone for ever. Now it is pleasant to know that by edict of the two Blues Committees men will once more be blues and not merely war-time blues, and when the two fifteens step once more this year on to the storied turf of Twickenham they will be clad as were their illustrious predecessors. And *à propos* of colours it is good once more to see the black jerseys of a New Zealand side on our grounds. This Service team makes no claim to be the All Blacks; they are to be known as Kiwis, but they wear the genuine colour and seem likely from their initial match to be fully worthy of it. The famous side of 1915 began in the West of England with a runaway win that showed everyone what to expect. The Kiwis began with no such overpowering score, but they beat Swansea well and truly and Swansea are very far from despicable adversaries. By whatever name they are known these lusty young New Zealanders will surely take a deal of beating.





Will F. Taylor

PARKHOUSE HILL IN THE UPPER VALLEY OF THE DOVE, DERBYSHIRE

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

**D**URING the very glorious Indian Summer we enjoyed this late Autumn some people persisted in referring to the welcome three weeks of dry weather as a "drought." The word "drought" suggests something deleterious to farm and garden, a lack of moisture which is to be deplored and which will have a derogatory effect on growth and stock, and to apply the word to a spell of warm sunshine at a time when it is most required is to show base ingratitude to the Clerk of the Weather. Three weeks of dry sunny days in Autumn are most beneficial to everything that grows, and there is nothing on either farm or garden that requires any degree of moisture at this time of the year. On the other hand, the weather has enabled the farmer and market gardener to get ahead with Autumn ploughing and cultivation, which on heavy lands are so often hopelessly delayed by rain until the frosts of Winter make the work impossible.

It would seem that the word "drought" has been inspired by the drying up of many wells in various parts of the south of England at a time when, with the Autumn rise of water levels, these wells should be in their most satisfactory state. It has been proved, however, that this seasonable rise in October has nothing whatsoever to do with the actual Autumn rainfall. That of the late Spring and Summer may possibly have some influence, but even this is problematical, as the wells in the deserts along the North African coast all rise to a higher level at the end of Summer, though there has not been a fall of rain since the early Spring.

The drying-up of wells in many villages, which is causing District Councils so much expense and worry, cannot be caused by lack

of rain, of which we have had a generous supply during the last three years, but is more probably due to the work of the various Catchment Boards. These bodies have been striving for some years now to lower the water levels in every valley, and, when this is successful, it must react on those of higher land. A dry footpath along the river's bank, however, is not much of a consolation to the busy housewife in whose ears are ringing the tinny clatter of the water bucket as it hits the gravel bottom of her dried-out well.

THE only person I know who has any real complaint against the dry weather of late September and October is the owner of a private electric light and heating plant in North Wales, run by hydraulic power supplied by a small mountain burn. This stream in Summer produces just enough power to run the plant for lighting only, which is all that is required; and in Autumn, when the seasonable heavy rains saturate the small catchment area at the mountain top, there is always a volume of water roaring down to generate sufficient electricity to enable all the heating appliances to be switched on at one time. This Autumn, though the nights grow very chilly indeed, particularly in the mountain regions, the stream is still coming down in its Summer trickle, so that no heat is available, and even the luxury 100-watt reading lamp, which is an essential rather than a luxury with "war economy standard" books,

has had to be replaced by a meagre 25-watt until the drought breaks.

I AGREE with the remarks in an Editorial Note of the issue of October 19 that dressing for dinner adds to the graciousness of existence, but, so far as I and most people who live in private houses in the country to-day are concerned, it is not so much a matter of whether we shall dress for dinner, but rather whether there is any dinner for which to dress. I suppose if one concentrated in one meal all the week's rations, the beef joint for two, which goes comfortably into a saucer, plus any side lines which officialdom may have been graciously pleased to release, one might be able to put on a dinner to justify a black tie. As, however, owing to the domestic shortage, one would have to put the dinner on the table oneself, wash up afterwards and then attend to the Aga and heating stoves, I doubt if the dinner-jacket suit would stand up to the strain for long.

I am told that there is a small section of the population who dine out every night in restaurants and hotels where they are known, and these people may be in a position to wear the correct dress, though I am by no means certain what is the correct dress for a procedure of this nature. In the opinion of most of us a nice easily-fitting suit adorned with a broad arrow would be more suitable, for restaurants and hotels draw their stocks of food from our dwindling supplies solely to cater for travellers, and not to supplement the rations of the resident.

PROBABLY there has never yet been a medal, star, bar or rosette awarded for a campaign which did not create some anomalies—injustice is perhaps too harsh a word to employ in this

connection, as staffs of experts with the best possible intentions have racked their brains in endeavours to devise regulations which will avoid all unfairness, but not always with success, as sometimes this is impossible. It is difficult to fix either a time or geographical limit which will not exclude some deserving unit or individual soldiers from the award, while admitting others not so deserving. I write with a fellow-feeling in the matter, not as a deserving soldier treated with injustice, but as an unlucky one, for in two campaigns I managed to miss a medal—the King's South African—and a star—the Mons or 1914—by a matter of a few days in

the case of the first, and a few hours in the case of the second. I cannot think what I should have missed if I had served in a third!

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IN the award of the African Star, which is perhaps the most valued of all the medals of this war, one does feel that some injustice has been done to the men of 1940, 1941 and the early part of 1942. The distinguishing "8" on the ribbon of this star, which every wearer esteems at its true worth, is awarded only to those serving when the force in Libya became the 8th Army, but those who took part in Wavell's marvellous stroke, which sent the

Italians scurrying back from Egypt across Cyrenaica to Tripolitania, together with the heroes of Tobruk and the forces engaged in the desperate fighting at Knightsbridge, wear the same bare ribbon as that displayed by those who were never very far away from Jimmy's, Shephard's grill and the Gezira Club during the whole campaign. Seeing that the 1st Army which landed in Algiers and fought in Tunis is entitled to put "1" on the ribbon, some distinguishing mark should surely be devised for those who held the line in Libya in the early days of the campaign, and who won great victories against extraordinary odds.

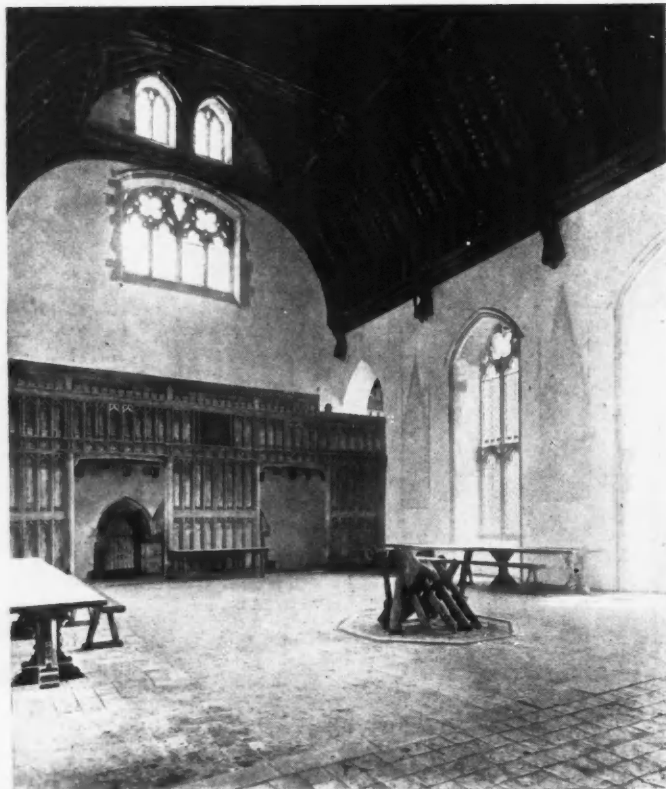
## THE FUTURE OF GREAT COUNTRY HOUSES—I

By THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER



BURGHLEY HOUSE

The great Elizabethan home of the Earls of Exeter, built by William Cecil 1556-1587



PENSHURST, KENT. THE GREAT HALL (c. 1340)

The home of Major Lord de L'isle, V.C.

BURGHLEY HOUSE is four hundred years old and more than 150 years ago it became one of the "show houses" of England. A copy of a Visitors' Book dated 1792 is still in existence when sightseers arrived by coach, by carriage or on foot.

I can think off-hand of a couple of dozen other historic houses, full of all manner of artistic treasures and eloquent of the steady transition of English life, from the really feudal to the truly democratic, that have equal claims with Burghley, sometimes very much better claims, to preservation *as they are*, in the interests of education, of the arts, of the crafts and of sociological development. There is Berkeley, occupied by one family continuously for eight hundred years—a king of England was murdered there. There are Haddon and Penshurst and others possibly as romantic; there are the great instructive piles such as Knole, Hatfield, and Bramshill (where mulled claret originated). There are Belvoir, Compton Wynyates, Grimsthorpe, Holkham, Knebworth, Latimer, Raby, Alnwick, Stratfieldsaye, Apethorpe, Boughton, Uppark, Bridgewater House, Petworth, Arundel, Wilton, Welbeck, Houghton, Dunham Massey—one can run through the alphabet and find more than one famous house for almost every letter. I need not elaborate the list. In any case, Miss Sackville-West, in her *English Country Houses*, expressed the spirit of these places much better than I could ever hope to do. I must point out, however, that what follows in this article does not necessarily apply to all of them. I am speaking from personal experience.

My object is to seek the verdict of public opinion on the question whether England's beautiful old homes—and I emphasise the word "homes"—must be closed, probably for ever. Like Goldsmith's "bold peasantry," such homes "when once destroyed can never be supplied." In my lifetime I have seen the day draw sadly nearer and nearer when political and economic circumstances will inevitably compel many ancient families to relinquish, however reluctantly, their responsibilities, and presumably the taxpayer at large will have to shoulder them.

It is common ground that English houses and buildings of architectural and historic interest must be preserved; I doubt if a single person will quarrel with that statement, which is abundantly justified by the legislation, passed last year by a Coalition Government, giving the Ministry of Town and Country Planning new powers to ensure that such buildings are not altered or demolished without its permission. On November 21, too, the House of Lords is to debate a motion by Lord Methuen, himself the owner of a beautiful country house and a lover





### BERKELEY CASTLE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Home of the Earls of Berkeley

of the arts, which asks for increased powers to be given to the Ministry of Works to make certain that historic buildings, whether inhabited or not, shall be safeguarded.

The question, then, is by what means shall they be preserved—as national institutions, or museums, or public schools and hospitals; or as living, warm, family homes in which every picture, or tapestry or piece of furniture has a story to tell to the observant. It is almost unnecessary to say that very few of the old landed proprietors can support a

large house in the manner which I am afraid many people imagine they do. Many quite touching stories could be told of those who preserve their family treasures at all costs, as much in the public interest as from their own sense of family pride and heritage.

A new meaning attaches itself to-day to the word "privilege" as applied to the "privileged classes." Privilege to-day, in the circumstances in which a troubled world finds itself, spells service, usually public service, and I am sure that none of the "privileged" will object

to the increasing demands made upon their time and what is left of their income. All they ask is that they may be permitted to continue to serve and that the scales shall not be too unfairly weighted against them. It seems scarcely fair, for instance, that the owner of a historic house should have to bear the full financial burden of repairing and replacing carpets worn out by the feet of the pilgrims, of the constant heat required to keep mildew at bay, of the staff necessary to act as guides and curators generally, and receive no allowance

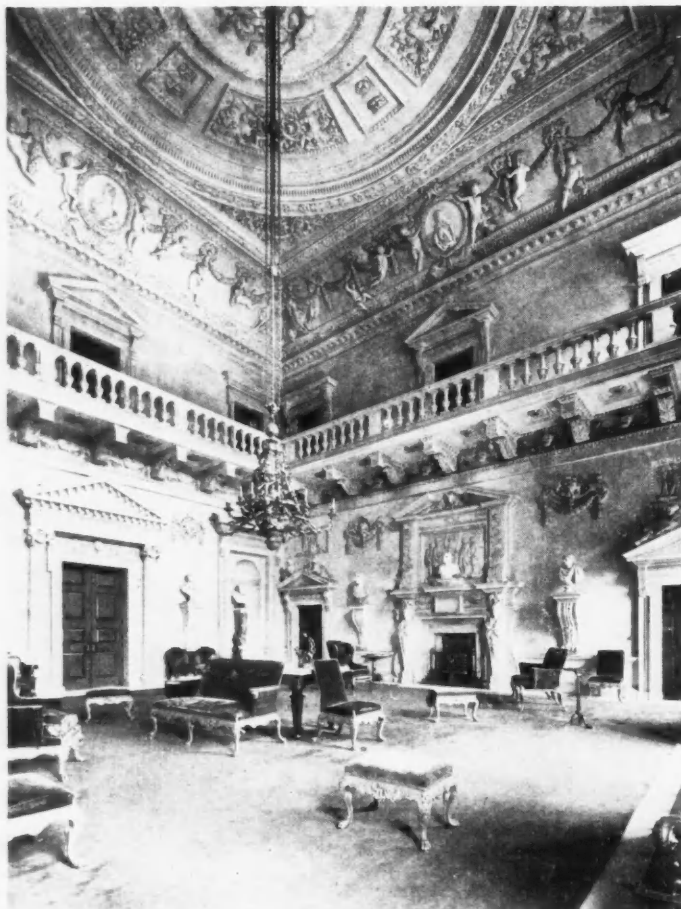


### COMPTON WYNYATES, WARWICKSHIRE

A home of the Earl of Northampton



HOLKHAM HALL, NORFOLK. THE MAIN ENTRANCE  
The home of the Earl of Leicester



HOUGHTON HALL, NORFOLK. THE STONE HALL  
The home of the Marquess of Cholmondeley

against income-tax as a slight contribution towards the very considerable expense. But that is by the way.

The immediate task—and desire—of the owners is to re-open their houses to the public at the earliest opportunity. It is a matter of personal pride with them to discharge a duty faithfully performed by their families for generation after generation. Enquiries are continually being made as to whether Burghley is now open again, and we have been obliged to put a notice in the local papers that under present conditions and complete lack of staff we deeply regret that it is impossible to show this house until such time (if ever) as staff is available to enable us to take proper care of the historic contents and to show them to the public as has been done to my certain knowledge for well over 100 years. Until the war broke out, Burghley—like so many other houses—was open on three days a week to the public. Local business people say that they derived considerable revenue from these visitors, but what is more important in my view is the undeniable pleasure afforded to students of art and history, of craftsmanship and design, by inspection of beautiful furniture, pictures, carvings, tapestries and other works of art. Were suitable staff obtainable, many historic houses would be opened again immediately.



HARDWICK HALL, DERBYSHIRE. THE GALLERY  
A home of the Duke of Devonshire

By means of voluntary help we were enabled to open Burghley on two occasions during the war, and were gratified to receive 700 visitors on one day and nearly a thousand on the other, which suggests a considerable measure of public enjoyment.

But the staff problem forbids anything more than the mere contemplation of re-opening in the pre-war manner. It is a problem which seems to be insurmountable. Neither the Ministry of Labour nor the Employment Exchanges are willing to help, and it is physically impossible for members of the staff who were too old, or otherwise unfit for military service, to cope with the situation. The older generation of servants—why not use the old-fashioned description of an honourable calling; do we not all give service in some capacity?—loved the beautiful things they handled and tended; the modern generation fight shy of any form of domestic employment, however cleverly camouflaged the name by which it is described, though to my possibly biased mind the care of works of art is an absorbing occupation for those of an artistic nature.

The problem does not quite end there, of course, for a specialist staff has to be cooked and catered for and generally looked after, which brings us face to face with the ordinary domestic service *impasse*, about which I can offer nothing very helpful. All I can do is to say that owners, impoverished by taxation and increased costs as they are, desire to open their houses again to the public; that it is the houses and their irreplaceable contents that require the staff, not the personal needs of the owner-residents; and that if the country as a whole wishes its treasure-houses to be maintained by their traditional and rightful guardians, not as museums but as homes with a soul and atmosphere—the result of loving care given by successive generations—the necessary assistance must be forthcoming somehow. I can say also with every confidence that the owners are more than willing to continue to play their part.

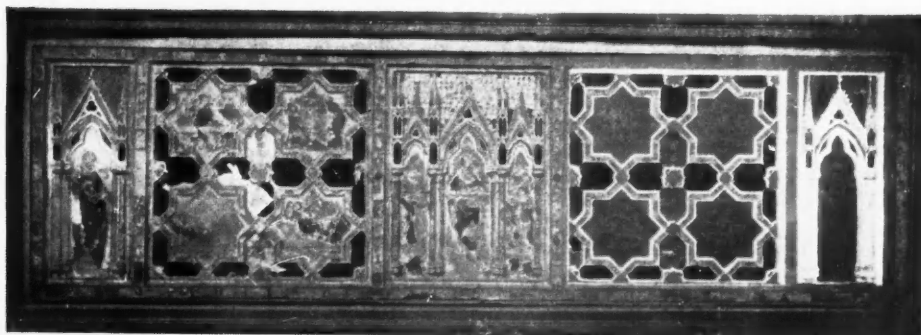


# THE WESTMINSTER RETABLE

By J. G. NOPPEN

**T**HE great retable of Westminster Abbey, now exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum, of which mention was made in my article last week, is the most remarkable, and, as far as it is preserved, the most beautiful painted work of the thirteenth century that has survived in England.

It has no certain history further back than the beginning of the seventeenth century when an enterprising carpenter used it to make the top of a press. In the eighteenth century a discerning student noticed it and chipped off a few bits with his knife! However, in 1829, Mr. Blore, then surveyor to the Dean and Chapter, rescued it from its ignominious situation, and had it placed in a glass-covered frame,



THE RETABLE, OR ALTAR FRONTAL. Length 11 ft. 1250-60

used; but the jewels have disappeared. The uprights between the sections and the borders of the star-like panels (composed of interlocking squares) are similarly treated. These panels are linked together by means of quatrefoiled bosses, and to the moulded edge of the square containing each four, by half-quatrefoils.

Three of these panels still contain miniature paintings of unparalleled beauty, though badly damaged. Adjectives are necessary in discussing these paintings. The detail is superbly executed. Special attention may be called to the beautifully-drawn hands which reach upward for the bread in the *Feeding of the Five Thousand*. The variety of the diapered borders of the vestments and of the pattern-work elsewhere, some of it heraldic, including lions and eagles, and a curious motive resembling Cufic writing, is amazing.

The figure of St. Peter, the best preserved of all, in its gabled panel at the end, is an incomparable example of what might be termed shrine-maker's work. Exquisite diaper adorns the architectural forms; the spandrels formed by the cusping; the trefoil in the gable head, and the windows of the turrets which rise from the lateral columns, are filled with coloured glass, and the space above the gable with glass mosaic. The central section is similar; but the glass mosaic is nearly all gone. Each of the blue *tesserae* bore a little golden lion.

doubtless a relic of the 17th-century carpenter was also removed.

The nearest approach to these paintings, now known to exist, is found in the miniatures which illustrate a New Testament history in the Pierpont Morgan Library, which has on good grounds been dated c. 1250. A facsimile of this manuscript, with introductions by Sir Sydney Cockerell and the late Dr. M. R. James, was presented to the Roxburghe Club by the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

I do not think the precise date or provenance of the retable is a matter of importance. There is no doubt that it is either French or English. The same artistic traditions prevailed on both sides of the Channel, and the same motives. It is impossible to state with confidence on the basis of comparative study alone, the provenance of a mid-13th-century panel painting, or manuscript.

Professor Lethaby, thought the retable was French; Dr. M. R. James thought it might be English. The difference of opinion between two such great authorities might be thought enough! They differed on other matters, each from a different point of view.

It should be sufficient that the retable exists, a proof that the making of such an object was once within the powers of man. We should adopt Lethaby's suggestion and, instead of comparing, look at it in wonder.

(Left) ST. PETER  
Detail of left panel

(Right)  
UPPER RIGHT  
PANEL. RAISING  
OF JAIRUS'S  
DAUGHTER

Detail of gesso decoration and blue glass on silver foil with gilt scrolling



for which good deed he can never be adequately thanked.

The date of the retable is c. 1250-60; but its place of origin is not known. It was thought by the late Professor W. R. Lethaby to be French, made in Paris in what he termed "the Sainte Chapelle style," and his opinion was backed by knowledge as unique as the work itself.

The retable is roughly eleven feet long, and is divided into five sections. Our Lord in Majesty and Saints Mary and John stand beneath a triple tabernacle in the middle. Our Lord holds a painted globe in His left hand, and His right is raised in blessing. He wears a red tunic with narrow gold borders, and a blue mantle with wider borders, all elaborately patterned in gilt.

The frame is a wonderful piece of carpentry adorned with the goldsmith's work. The outer border has oblong sections filled with glass over diapered gold, giving the impression of enamel. Coloured glass, cameos, and jewels also were

In 1897 the retable was treated with a view to its better preservation; but no attempt of any sort to restore it was made. Before the work began some photographs were taken by the late Sir Emery Walker, which show that, in fact, it was in some respects in better condition then than now. For instance, two faces, one of which was then perfect and the other not more than half perished, are now missing. A nail which protruded from one of the panels,

## WILD LIFE IN KENYA—IV

## BIRDS OF A MARSH



A STILT PACING THE SHALLOWS FOR THE MINUTE ANIMALS ON WHICH IT FEEDS



A BLACKSMITH PLOVER WATCHES THE STILT



EGYPTIAN GEESSE. NOTE THE TYPICAL BLACK SPOT ON THE BREAST

Written and Illustrated by  
LIEUT.-COLONEL  
C. H. STOCKLEY

FOR seven days I had endured a howling gale, whirling dust into every cranny of the tent; every night I had been roused from sleep by snorting and possibly vindictive rhino, and twice by lions; every morning I had risen before dawn to sally forth after photographs of large and dangerous animals which might take it into their heads to show violent objection to publicity. Little wonder that I looked forward to a change.

On the last morning I had got a grand series of buffalo drinking, then went straight back to camp, packed up and drove forty miles through the wild country of the Northern Frontier Province of Kenya to this little *sugola* or rainwater marsh, which I had passed on my way up.

Now, here I was sitting in a deck chair in pyjamas, the air cool enough to require a thick woolly on top, the rising sun patterning the tent through the branches of the acacias: tea, biscuits and fruit on the table, and field glasses ready to identify the waterbirds whose cries rose from the marsh a furlong away. Eight hours' sleep, unbroken except for a dim memory of once waking to hear the clamour of Egyptian geese greeting the moonlight arrival of newcomers, had made everything in the garden seem lovely.

From my little clump of acacias the ground sloped gently to the marsh, which was merely the largest of a string of pools left by September rain in the wide, shallow valley—a 300-yard pan of clear water, edged on the far side by stones and black rocks, on mine by a fifty-yard belt of yard-high reeds through which ran a straight ten-foot channel leading to the short green grass which bordered the dry land.

The birds were all preening and resting on the far bank, four great spur-winged geese conspicuous among them and almost certainly the newcomers of the night, while my hide of green branches was to be built at the hither end of the channel through the reeds. We had cut the poles, dug the holes for them after tea the day before, and my two boys were now busy cutting the foliage which was to cover it.

When I had passed the marsh on my way up, the shore end of the channel had been thick with birds; mostly Egyptian geese and sacred ibis, with a few Cape wigeon, bar-tailed godwit and glossy ibis among them; while two sombre hammer-head storks paced the bank. There had been blacksmith plover, black-winged stilts, and both green and common sandpiper patrolling the edge of the water, while a party of eight marabou stood solemnly aloof in ungainly meditation.

Some of these birds were missing now, the glossy ibis in particular; but I did not regret the marabou, of which I already had pictures, while



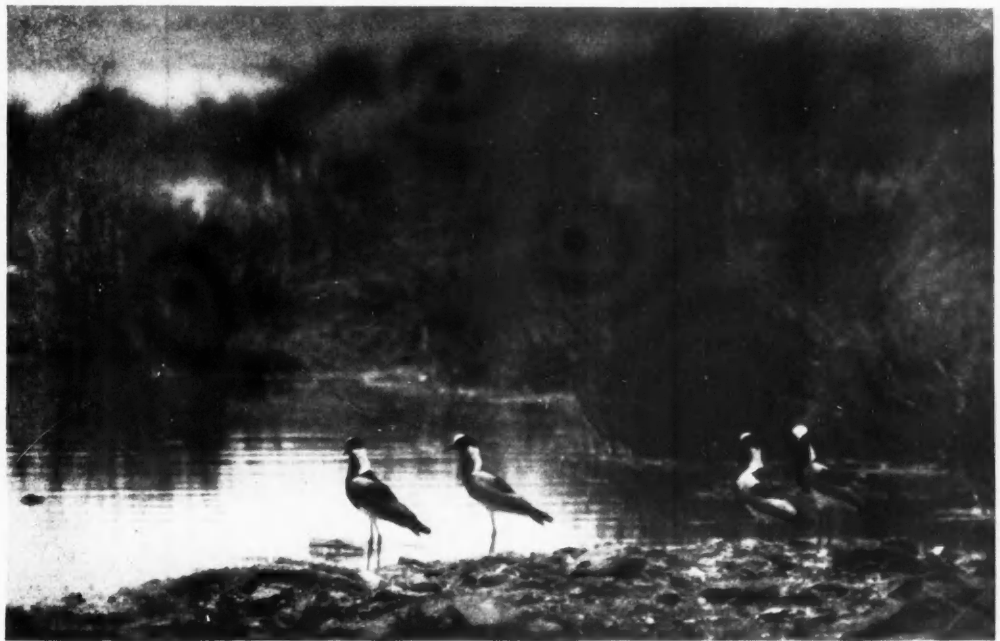
a notable addition was a party of four wood ibis, which to my mind are storks and nothing else; with the bill bright yellow and the lower half of the white back apparently sprinkled with a weak solution of pink permanganate, they are obviously relations of our familiar bringer of babies,

Breakfast was taken to the sound of cooing doves, the lovely sight of a long-winged pallid harrier wheeling and turning just in front against a clear sky, and the vociferous attentions of two species of gorgeous blue glossy starlings, which demanded to be fed and were. Just before I left for the hide I saw a little brown and ash-coloured bird, with a longish thin bill and a short square tail, creeping about the underside of the acacia branches above me. The book was brought and the bird was identified as the slender-billed honeyguide: new to me and not common anywhere.

On my arriving at the hide, large flocks of paradise whydahs rose from the reeds, some of the cocks furnished with ridiculously long and floppy black tails; but most, being young birds, only gaudy orange patches on their wings relieving the black. The hens are a dark and sober brown.

Settled on a camp stool in the hide, the big tele-lens focused on the hither edge of the channel through the reeds, and the back entrance closed by the camera boy before he left, I had a good look at my prospective subjects, still gathered on the far bank. The wood ibis were resting in the middle, one of them in that curious pose with the legs folded under the body which makes all long-legged birds look unnaturally ugly, and on either side of them were duck, Egyptian and spur-winged geese, and sacred ibis; while small waders, unidentifiable at long range, ran along the shore picking up food.

My first arrival was a common sandpiper, which pitched on the edge of the water in front of me, but too far for a photograph: I was after larger stuff and films were very precious. Then one of the wood ibis flew across, pitched in the reeds half-way down the channel, and was followed by a sacred ibis. "Too far," I thought, when the bigger bird came to the edge of the water; "anyway, it is sure to come closer, as they were right here yesterday." Half an hour later it flew away taking the other three with it, and I did not see them again.



BLACKSMITH PLOVER

*Carpe diem*, or, in other words, gather ye rosebuds while ye may!

Then a grey heron pitched away on my right; eight sacred ibis arrived on the short green grass not ten yards behind the hide, and were soon joined by a solitary Egyptian goose. These all set to preening themselves and continued to do so for the next hour to my annoyance, what time I almost acquired a permanent squint trying to watch them through holes in the greenery which would only accommodate one eye. An hour gone and no pictures.

Then came a stilt, to begin feeding just where I wanted him; but with such sudden twists and turns as he spotted minute water animals on which they feed that it took me half an hour to get my exposure. It caught him beautifully, sideways on and with one long crimson leg just lifting as he peered into the shallows.

A minute later a blacksmith plover ran to the edge to watch the other black and white bird feeding, and I included them both; then

three more blacksmiths arrived, making the curious clinking cries, like a busy smithy at work, which gives them their name, and I bagged all four together.

A pair of Egyptian geese that had been swimming about doubtfully at the far entrance to the channel suddenly made up their minds, swam straight up towards me and landed; so that I got a good picture of one in the water and one on shore, before they hurriedly joined the lone one behind me and all three began to feed greedily on the waterplants, pulling off the tips at a great pace.

Still no sacred ibis, and I screwed my neck round to watch the party behind the hide. Some were still preening, but a couple of those in front had begun to feed in their dejected, short-sighted fashion, making towards the ground under command of the camera. They progressed with maddening slowness and, to ease my neck and eyesight, I turned round again to look at the channel. There was a fine sacred ibis, arrived from nowhere, standing just where I wanted him. He stretched to his full height, giving a lovely pose, everything was ready and I pressed the button to get my first picture of a much-wanted species.

It was near noon, the sky was rapidly clouding over and I had used as many films as I could spare; but I stayed a little longer. There came a cheery, triple-noted whistle which I had not heard for many months as a greenshank pitched five yards left of the hide; there came the gentle "pfuff" of another bird landing, and I craned round to see a bar-tailed godwit just beyond the greenshank: both old friends of many Indian jheels, and the last very rare in Kenya.

I left the hide to the tune of angry clamour from rising geese, the harsh croak of the departing heron and the everlasting "clink, clink" of the blacksmith plover, while a neat little wheatear escorted me to my tent. I got there as the first fat rain-drops fell to usher the coming storm, which cooled the air sufficiently to let me develop my negatives after tea.

No duds this time, thank heaven!

Previous articles in this series appeared on June 22, July 20 and October 19.



THE SACRED IBIS



1.—THE SOUTH FRONT, WITH THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH TOWER TO THE LEFT

## WESTON PARK, STAFFORDSHIRE—I

### THE HOME OF THE EARL OF BRADFORD

*Recent stripping of Victorian stucco has revealed one of the most notable of Charles II country houses, built by Sir Thomas and Lady Wilbraham in 1671, on a site inhabited in continuous descent from the twelfth century to the present time*

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

**W**ESTON, on the Shropshire border of Staffordshire, is called "under Lizard" from a lazar yard anciently existing on the wooded hill of that name on the opposite side of the

park to the village, which lies on Watling Street. In the middle ages it was Weston under Brewood (pronounced Brood), the forest covering much of the south-west of the county in the recesses of which Charles II

took refuge at Boscobel, of which Weston woods preserve a fragment. The house, separated from the village by only the kitchen garden and the pond known as the Town Pool (Fig. 3), is one of those ancestral mansions like Petworth that are mediæval in origin and preserve much of the feudal spirit in their extent and self-sufficiency. The quadrangular residential part has attached to it the parish church, closely adjoining the kitchen and orangery, big laundry, office, and stable courts, and a complete farm (Fig. 11)—the latter a Georgian

addition of no little beauty. These are all contiguous so that, approaching from the village, the house looks like a village in itself (Fig. 3). The walled gardens, some 20 acres in extent and including an aviary no longer stocked (Fig. 10), lie across the pool to the north; to the south, east and west stretches the beautifully timbered and undulating landscape of the park, seeming all the larger for lying on one side of the house only. North-east from the house the pleasure grounds bordering a chain of pools and formed in the eighteenth century contain two complete though now uninhabitable occasional residences, Diana's Temple and a rustic cottage.

Westons, Myttons, Wilbrahams, Newports and Bridgemans have successively dwelt here from the twelfth century; the house assumed its present shape in the late seventeenth, and steadily grew in size till the end of the nineteenth. By accretion it has come to contain a notable accumulation of works of art, in particular portraits, among which two Holbeins are of the first quality and a large percentage notable. Yet this great Charles II house has been seen by very few; literally it is a recent discovery. Shortly before the war the Victorian stucco facing was removed, which had given the place the appearance of a stately but uninteresting 19th-century pile, to reveal the original vermilion brick contrasted, in the Dutch style of the day, with clean white masonry. The south front, as seen from the lawn (Fig. 1) or the wide terrace lying before it (Fig. 2), is now recognisable as one of the most important surviving buildings of the early Restoration period—it was built in 1671.

In the course of alterations to the building, masonry has been found of an earlier period, but it is in the church—reached



(Left) 2.—VERMILION BRICK AND GLEAMING WHITE STONE FACINGS. The terrace before the south front





3—"LIKE A VILLAGE IN ITSELF." THE ROOF OF THE GREAT HOUSE RISING OVER THOSE OF THE CHURCH AND OUTBUILDINGS. From the north-west

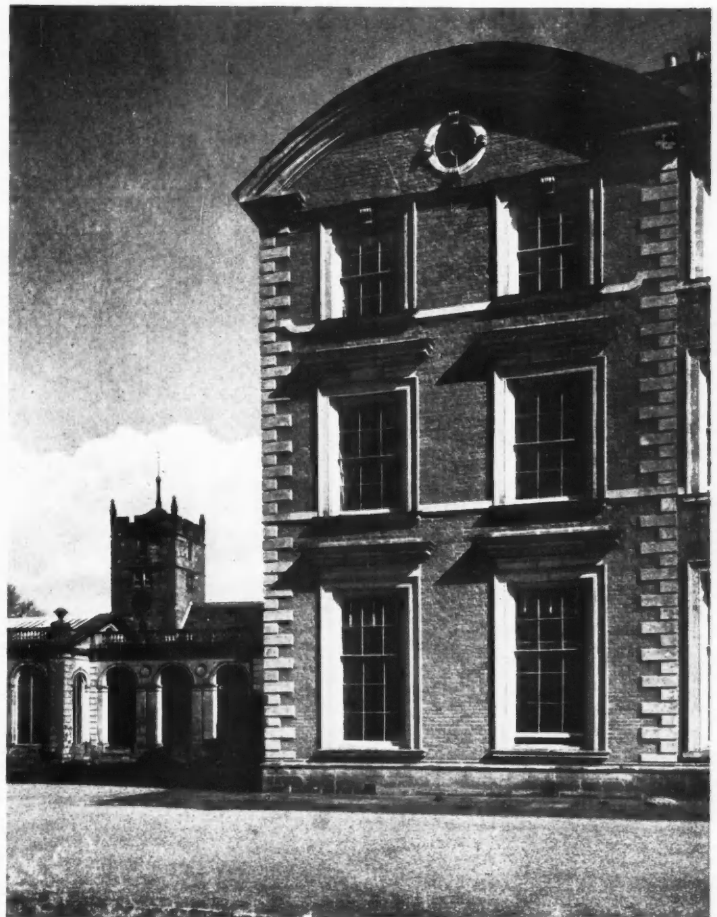
from the house by the arcade seen in Fig. 4—that its history is best traced. Though altered in Victorian times, the church is largely as rebuilt by Lady Wilbraham 1700-01, after the reconstruction of the house, but its tower and east end are late fourteenth century, and it contains, in recesses flanking the chancel, two wooden effigies of knights, good examples of their kind. They are probably Sir John Weston (*d.* 1304), attorney to Princess Elizabeth (Fig. 6), who carries a purse as his badge of office, and his nephew Sir Hamo (*d.* 1305). In the Domesday survey Weston was held by Rainald de Balgole (Bailleul), Sheriff to Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury. Sir John's predecessors had been installed at Weston since about 1150, after which they adopted the place name as their own, but the male line ended in 1350 when a coheiress took the estate to Adam de Peshall (*d.* 1419). He was succeeded by his son-in-law Sir Richard de Mytton, grandson of Thomas Mutton a burgess of Shrewsbury, with whose descendants Weston remained till Tudor times when Edward, son of John Harpsfield of London, gent., took the name of Mytton on succeeding to the property under the will of his maternal grandfather John Mytton (*d.* 1532). The grandson of Edward Harpsfield Mytton, on his death in 1638, left an only daughter Elizabeth, born 1632, who in 1651 married, in Weston Church, Sir Thomas Wilbraham, Bt., of Woodhey, Cheshire.

Lady Wilbraham was a remarkable woman. In the library at Weston is preserved her copy of Palladio's *First Book of Architecture*, translated by Godfrey Richards, London 1663 ("with an Appendix Touching Windows and Doors by P. Le Muet, and designs of Floors lately made at Somerset House"). On the fly leaves of this rare volume she entered notes of comparative costs, as between various contractors, for building, carpentry, plasterwork, windows, etc., chiefly between the years 1689-1700 and relating to her rebuilding of Woodhey, her husband's home. But one page is headed "For Building Weston House, 1671," to-

gether with memoranda of her bargain with Sir William Wilson for setting up four monuments, "2 of the Better, 2 of the Worser, sort and for finding Alaplaster and marble, £23." There is a good deal more about the relative cost of "alaplaster" and marble, and of gold lettering on black marble, which cost a farthing a letter more than black lettering on white marble.

But the interesting thing about these entries is their introduction upon the scene of that curious figure Sir William Wilson (1641-1710), a Midland sculptor and architect who married a rich widow, somehow obtained a knighthood, and worked in consultation with Wren on Sir John Moore's School, Appleby, Leicestershire (1698-1700) and the rebuilding of St. Mary's, Warwick (see Wren Society Vol. XI). In Weston Church are two large mural monuments of black and white marble to Lady Wilbraham and her father, and eight smaller, the

majority oval tablets of black marble in alabaster frames introducing heraldry like that seen in Fig. 6 and similarly recording earlier generations of Westons and Myttons. Lady Wilbraham's epitaph states that she erected them all and there is little doubt that



4.—WEST END OF THE SOUTH FRONT

they were provided by Wilson whose known work they resemble. Her book also records "Sir W.W.'s way of making mortar to point with," which suggests that he was consulted on building operations. The church's east gable of curling scrolls, similar to those that Wilson set on Four Oaks Hall built for Lord Folliott in 1680, may indicate that he advised her on the rebuilding of Weston Church. The magnificent wrought-iron altar rail, centred on the Royal Arms painted proper (Fig. 7), is no doubt contemporary with the rebuilding of the church, and may be attributable to Robert Bakewell, the great Derby smith. Lady Wilbraham's notes unfortunately make no reference to them.

It is tempting to see in Wilson the architect for the rebuilding of the house also. But in 1671 he was only 30 and it happens that we know (COUNTRY LIFE, June 22, 1935) that he was at that time a working sculptor carving the porches of Sudbury Hall, Derbyshire: not till 1679 did the wealthy widowed Mrs. Pudsey commission him to work on her husband's monument and then marry him, so enabling him (after parting with this lady) to turn his talents to architecture.

What Lady Wilbraham does tell us about building operations in 1671 is that

Sam. Grice agreed to gett ye stone at ye Knode for  
18d. per yd.  
To hew for 1s.  
To lay it being carried, wch is 40 yds. per yd.  
distance ... .. 1s.  
And for ye inside brick work ... .. 6d.  
Sir Rich. Asly pays for cutting ye best  
stone at his Quarry being eacyer gott  
that at ye knode ... .. 1s.

As built, the house consisted of three sides of a square, the wings ending in segmental pediments containing an *œil-de-bœuf* (Fig. 4). The middle bay of the south front is stone faced, with rusticated quoins as at the angles of the wings, and the doorway (the original main entrance) enriched with rather simple Renaissance carving of heads and wreaths. The ground- and first-floor windows of the centre, wings, and in the middle of the intermediate spaces have full and too heavy entablatures, the remainder keystones shaped as modillion brackets. At the angles the main cornice, of ogee section, is enriched with acanthus foliage. A balustraded parapet surrounds the flat roof from which rise massive flues faced with blind stone arches. The east front, converted into the entrance front in the nineteenth century, is of nine bays with a central pediment (Fig. 8); the west, was largely refaced in stone



5.—OLD MAIN ENTRANCE, CENTRE OF SOUTH FRONT

in the nineteenth century though its projecting bayed centre may be original.

Though the proportions are clumsy and detail coarse, the south façade is an imposing affair and extraordinarily early as a full-fledged attempt at a Renaissance elevation. Wren had produced nothing in London by 1670; the only precedents for this kind of house were the sparse works of Inigo Jones and his disciples, with Hugh May's Eltham Lodge and Clarendon House in Piccadilly as the latest essays towards what we regard as the Wren idiom. Actually the closest parallel to the Weston façade is the building in the background of Danckert's picture of Charles II being presented with the first English pineapple, believed to be Dawnay Court near Oatlands, Weybridge, no longer existing. There the segmental pediment with *œil-de-bœuf*, stone quoins and entablatures in a brick front are repeated identically. The presumption must be that

Weston was an adaptation from some such vanished precedent. Had there been a nameless local architect capable of designing so advanced an elevation, he would surely have been better acquainted with the Palladian scale of proportions. The testimony of the annotated *Palladio* points to Sir Thomas or Lady Wilbraham being the "architect," in consultation with Sam. Grice or another practical but unlearned mason for the construction.

In outline the plan seems to follow an earlier, 16th-century, house with forecourt facing north towards the village and direct approach. This space has long been filled with miscellaneous additions, and its originally open side blocked by kitchen and office quarters. The stable quadrangle (Fig. 8), lying east of the house and now linked to it by the wing added in 1865, was built soon after the completion of the house. Rain-water heads are dated 1688, and have the initials T. and E. W. Having never been stuccoed, the stables look older and mellow, but also their design, though straightforward, is more scholarly than the house, showing how in the intervening years the classical rules had become better understood.

Sir Thomas Wilbraham, whose family had been seated in Cheshire since the thirteenth century, was the third and also the last baronet. In 1692 he left three married daughters. One was the wife of Sir Thomas Myddleton of Chirk, one of Sir Lionel Tollemache who thereby came into the Wilbraham estates in Cheshire, and Mary who took Weston to Richard Newport, 2nd Earl of Bradford. The Newports are thought to have been of Welsh extraction and to have originally borne the name of Gech or Goch. In 1402 Thomas Gech was lord of High Ercall and Sheriff of Salop, his descendant Sir Richard Newport being created Lord Newport of High Ercall in 1642, dying in France during the Commonwealth aged 80. His son, Sir Francis, an active cavalier, especially in working for the Restoration, earned an unique reputation for probity and sagacity at the court of Charles II, where he was successively Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household, and was one of the chief supporters of William III by whom he was not only created Earl of Bradford but visited by that monarch on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. His great territorial estate, the largest tenure in fee which the district had known since Domesday, perhaps



6.—WOODEN EFFIGY OF SIR JOHN WESTON (d. 1304)  
With tablet by Sir William Wilson, c. 1700



7.—WROUGHT-IRON COMMUNION RAIL,  
Coloured and gilt; c. 1700



partly accounted for the favour shown him by that politic prince. He married Diana, daughter of the 4th Earl of Bedford, and it was their eldest son who married Mary Wilbraham and came into Weston. But of the 2nd Earl's sons, none left male issue, so that on the death of the 4th Earl (an imbecile as a result of a fall from his horse in youth) in 1762, the heir to Weston was the son of his sister Anne who in 1719 had married Sir Orlando Bridgeman of Castle Bromwich.

An account of the Bridgeman family, Earls of Bradford of the present creation, must be deferred till the interior of Weston as remodelled by them, and the landscape activities of Sir Henry, the 5th baronet, are described in the two next issues. But the stately farm-yard (Fig. 11) added to the domestic nucleus early in this new epoch prompts this much anticipation. It consists of an immense barn entered through



8.—THE EAST, PRESENT ENTRANCE, FRONT, AND THE STABLES, 1688

(Left)

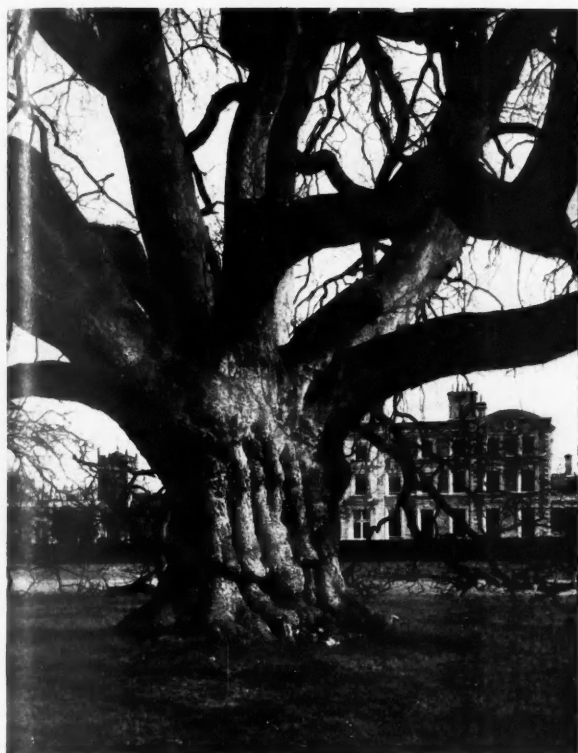
9.—THE GREAT PLANE

Approximate height 70 ft.; girth at 5 ft. 22 ft. 3 in.; circumference of span 120 yds.

(Right)

10.—AVIARY, MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY

In the kitchen garden



lofty arched doorways on either face and flanked by towers, with yards in front and rear, the whole, of brick admirably proportioned, evidently derived from Palladio. The design resembles that of the home

farm at Holkham, due to Coke of Norfolk, of whom the 1st Earl was a very active disciple. From its character, however, it looks to have been built before he succeeded to Weston (in 1815), that is by his father,

perhaps as early as 1780. Whatever its actual date, it is one of the noblest architectural products of the agricultural "revolution" worked by the great landowners of the late eighteenth century.

The 3rd Earl, who succeeded in 1865, reoriented and refaced the house, laying out the present terraced gardens before the south and west fronts. Besides the east wing connecting with the stables, he added a classical orangery to the west linked to the house by an arcade that also gives direct access to the church (which it conceals from this side). On the lower of the garden terraces, extending southwards into the park in a great balustraded arc, grows the huge Oriental plane seen in Fig. 9, whose boughs droop to the ground in a manner exceptional to this species and form in Summer a vast leafy dome, 120 yds. in circumference externally. It is remarkable that a tree, planted probably at much the same date as the building of the house, and in this crucial position on the centre line of the main front, should have had so much sense of what was expected of it as to grow proportionately and to such phenomenal dimensions.

(To be continued)



11.—FARM BUILDINGS CONTIGUOUS TO THE STABLES  
Late eighteenth century

# WATCHING A NESTING SPARROW-HAWK

Written and Illustrated by J. ARNOLD BENINGTON

**T**EW, tew, tew, tew, tew shrieked the sparrow-hawk as it flashed between the grey boles of the beech trees. I was walking through a hanging wood with a friend early in May when the bird thus foolishly advertised the presence of its nest. This dashing little hawk is an old friend of mine: during the last twenty years I have examined nearly a hundred nests, so that I know almost by instinct whether a given wood is either possible or probable. Within ten minutes of hearing the alarm signal I had found the nest, 60 feet up on the first live branch of a pine. The tree looked difficult, but possible, so I made a preliminary survey and returned the next day more suitably clad for climbing.

Of all the nests I had examined, taking everything into consideration, this was the most suitable for photography, and I had decided to build a hide in the tree. For this purpose I had brought sacking, nails, hammer, saw and string, all in my rucksack. After ten minutes' stiff climbing I was within a few feet of the nest. I could see it better now, a large stick structure, 2 ft. across and on a horizontal branch about 8 ft. from the main trunk. Without wasting time I fixed a roll of sacking to a branch within 8 ft. of the nest and climbed quickly down.

During the half-hour in which I was up in the tree, the hawk flashed past several times quite close to me, but so quietly that, once at least, I should not have known she was there but for a call from my assistant at the foot of the tree. It was a grand sight to see her darting through the branches in that tree-top without touching a twig. Had she chosen to attack me she would have been quite a formidable foe, with her half-inch, needle-sharp claws and strong hooked beak.

To build a small hiding tent 60 ft. up in a big pine, within 8 ft. of the nest and without frightening the wary hawk, required extreme care. It was necessary to build very gradually. To accomplish this I climbed the tree every two or three days, on each visit adding a small piece of sacking, driving in a few nails, or tying back an obtrusive branch. On my last visit, before attempting any photography, I took a long rope and hauled up branches from the ground to camouflage the observation post.

By the first week in June all was ready. At last I set off with all the necessary kit to make my first attempt to photograph the bird. When I came in sight of the tree I saw the hawk sliding off the nest. Ten minutes later I was scrambling breathlessly up through the bottom of the hide on to my improvised seat—a cushion tied on a branch. I had to hurry, for I knew that if the hawk returned to the nest before I was ready for her, and saw or heard movement inside the hide, my plans might be spoiled. Quickly I screwed my camera on to a bracket nailed securely to the trunk of the tree; pushed the telephoto lens through a hole in the sacking; wound up the shutter; and settled down to wait.

I had time to take stock of my surroundings. Mine was an airy perch. I had the exhilarating feeling of one whose feet are off the earth. All around me was the dark green of the forest in June. The straight boles of the pines ran down to meet the earth 60 ft. below. I could hear several birds near by and soon the uneasy call of a blackbird—*tchek, tchek, tchek, tchek*—put me on my guard. I was only just in time to click the shutter as the hawk alighted on the edge of the nest with a rush.

The shutter frightened her and she was off again as quickly as she had come. I waited in some anxiety in case I had really alarmed her. In a very few minutes, however, with no warning whistle of wings, there was a slight thud and she landed on the nest again. I took another photograph and this time the shutter did not frighten her. Motionless, she stared at the hide. She had such a regal air and so



CLIMBING TO THE NEST

piercing an eye that I felt she could look right through the covering of the hide and see me sitting there—an invader of her territory. For several seconds she stared thus, then calmly and unhurriedly walked on to the five eggs, treating them with tender care. Her hearing must have been extremely acute, for the slightest sound frightened her. Sometimes even the rustle of my arm against the bark of the tree

made her look up. Once, later, she even left the nest for that reason.

When she had been sitting for a few minutes she began to settle down and very soon slight sounds ceased to disturb her. In a short time the male suddenly landed on the edge of the nest (a rare occurrence) and greeted her with a high-pitched chirrup, something like the sound made by a fledgeling thrush. He fussed round her for a while and walked round the edge of the nest while she answered with a low *who, who, who*. Then off he went, only to return in five minutes, and the performance was repeated with the same greeting and reply. This time the visit was cut even shorter by a flight of bombers low over the wood. I did not see him visit the nest again. From my point of view it was a wonderful opportunity lost, because I was using a telephoto lens for close-ups of the sitting bird and could not include the male in the picture.

Now followed a thrilling three hours. To be within 8 ft. of this magnificent bird, taking photographs while she was completely unconscious of my presence, was joy indeed. Her disregard of the hide was complete. Throughout she came and went and brooded her eggs just as though I had been miles away. Once settled she sat very still and quiet, even ignoring a pair of chaffinches that, on one occasion, sat and called to one another within 6 ft. of the nest. In general, while she was on the nest there was comparative peace in the wood round about. Most birds sang as usual, but a pair of blackbirds must have had a nest close by, for they kept up a continual and uneasy *tchek, tchek, tchek* near the foot of the hawk's tree.

By the middle of June I had a series of photographs. Then the young hatched—three fluffy little balls of white down. Within ten days they were able to give a fair imitation of the parents' wild alarm note. Their hooked beaks and sharp little claws, even at this early age, gave good promise of their future hunting skill. It was a month before they left the nest. Until the last few days this was kept clean. The parents did all their killing abroad, plucked most of the prey on a tree stump 50 yards away, and brought only the naked carcasses to the nest. As this hawk is a very clean feeder there was very little flesh left on the bones to smell.

By July 16 the young had left the nest. On July 22, when I paid my last visit to the wood, I had an interesting experience. As I approached I could hear the scattered family wailing from different directions. This food-call of the fledgelings is rather like the very loud



THE FEMALE SPARROW-HAWK SITTING CONTENTEDLY, WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHER ONLY EIGHT FEET DISTANT





mewing of a kitten. Before I entered among the trees the male sparrow-hawk appeared overhead with prey in his claws. He screamed and instantly the female rose out of the trees to meet him. When she was directly below him the two birds flew parallel in this position for a few seconds, each gauging the speed of the other. Then the female turned upside down, shot out her claws at the full extent of her long, yellow legs and took the prey which the male immediately released. Righting herself again she swung down among the trees to feed her clamouring family.

There is a sequel to this story. One cold day during the following Winter two boys brought me a female sparrow-

hawk with a broken wing. They had found it in my wood and I believed it to be the bird I had photographed. I set the wing and put her in a roomy cage to recover. By dint of much patience and care, and after the loss of a considerable amount of skin from both my hands, I induced her to eat raw flesh. In a few more days she ate out of my hand. Within two weeks she would come when I called her, hop on to my hand, and feed there. The wing did not heal, however, and within a month the bird died. I have a strong feeling that I missed her more than did her mate. He quickly found another wife and in the following June again reared a family, not ten yards from the old nest.

(Left) AN INJURED SPARROW-HAWK WHICH WOULD ANSWER THE AUTHOR'S CALL

## THE IDEAL SHOOT

“WHATEVER happens,” an old friend said to me not long ago, “nothing can take from me my memories.” I daresay many men would echo this thanksgiving, more particularly such as have left youth behind, for the older we grow the more we incline to reminiscence. And if we tend occasionally to over-emphasise the blessings of the “good old days,” it may be because, lacking the resilience of youth, we find it hard to believe that we shall ever see the like again.

So, while my ideal shoot is no figment of imagination I regretfully admit that it is but a memory of happier days. Nor am I quite sure that it would be my ideal now, for, while the spirit may be as willing as of yore, advancing years but serve to aggravate the weakness of the flesh, and the short-winded sportsman, who still contrives to shine in competition with the younger generation in a grouse butt or at the covert-side, does not thank you for inviting him to scale tortuous gradients of one in six. Nor, rheumatically subject, does he enthuse at being stood in six inches of half-frozen mud and water on the chance of an impromptu drive compelling a few wild snipe to take something like the right direction. So somewhere between the rock-strewn mountain and the quaking bog are the ideal 1,500 acres that my mind's eye conjures up.

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“Somewhere in Britain” (how convenient a phrase that is) they lie in an amphitheatre of the hills—a wide expanse of flat marsh and pasture, fringed with small birch and larch woods, beyond which one catches here and there a glimpse of the sea. Winding across the bog a sluggish river, steep-banked in a tangle of whin and knee-high heather, connects up a chain of tiny lakes from which now and then duck rise, circle and splash back again into the surrounding reed beds. It is a country in which one sees a great deal more than one is usually permitted to approach on terms of intimacy.

Of an Autumn morning there is always a haze where sea and mountain meet, so that you can scarcely separate the purple from the green. The ridge of sandhills, covered with coarse, bent grass, which marks the coastline, is the home of countless rabbits. Very sporting shooting they would afford as they scooted in and out over the undulating scrub. Just inside the sandhills is the largest of the lakes, where teal and widgeon gave first-rate fighting shots in the early morning as they went to sea, and from here for a good mile the marsh is as nearly flat as the back of your hand. Sometimes people used to wonder if I were slightly mentally affected when I called it an addition to the view, but they did not know it as well as I. Almost every stretch of cutaway bog and heather,

almost every patch of bulrushes and reeds and emerald moss had its association, for all denoted the favourite haunts of duck and snipe and other “various.”

So the view was always a delight. Even in the close season there was ample food for the imagination; as one watched the drumming snipe, the duck marshalling her brood, and wondered what next Autumn would hold in store.

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To my mind this in itself approaches the ideal, for surely on one point most rough shooters will agree. It is not the bag that matters most. What you shoot is of less moment than what you see. Variety is the *sauce piquante* of a day, whose charm lies mainly in the glorious uncertainty of what will get up next. Often the most pleasurable days are those on which birds are least approachable; when it takes a deal of energy, fieldcraft and straight shooting to get anything at all. For then in retrospect one sees the only woodcock of the morning falling to the quick second barrel, or one stalks again the little bunch of teal—an easy right and left perhaps—but the stalk was everything.

You would walk my bog with six guns. First the reed belts which, if the snipe were lying well, would yield you, maybe, a dozen. and then the half-mile of cutaway and heather, interspersed with tiny oat patches, to which an odd grouse pack would come from the mountain of an afternoon. Even if you were young and energetic you would not be sorry to find at the far end a line of whins behind which you might rest for the next half-hour, for over these we drove the duck from the central lakes, and the beaters would make a wide sweep to take in the river meadows, which were a favourite feeding-ground of golden plover.

So besides the duck, necks stretched and racing for the sea, you would get other agreeable surprises. An odd grouse or two joining forces with the snipe; there would be a bunch of teal for sure, and the plover would make for the high grassy plateau above the river. Not many birds would be too wide, but most would be too high for all but the professors, and whether you got five or fifty depended very much on the strength and direction of the wind.

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Then the afternoon would provide you with a sporting contrast, if a warm wind were blowing up-stream and you put in the spaniels to work the whins and scrub. I counted this hundred acres as perhaps the most fascinating lottery of all because it never failed to give us a variety of shots, although, be it remarked, not every bird was a safe target owing to the rather dense thicket and undulating nature of the ground.

Sometimes the last hour's sport was the pleasantest of all, when luck favoured one with stray birds flying in from the sea, and one pouched a homing grouse, a woodcock maybe, a flighting duck or two before two weary little dogs dropped with undisguised relief on to the floor of the car.

Yet on the best rough shoot I ever walked, my game books register no startling bags. In fact a day of somewhat unhappy memory was one on which the keeper prophesied a “record.” The place was literally stiff with woodcock, driven from the hills during a week of frost and hail, and as we climbed the steep mountain track between the two best coverts we saw them constantly shifting in and out. But the rocky footholds covered with frozen snow were just like glass, and this was the root of the trouble. To turn quickly, a necessary condition of cock shooting, was to risk a painfully abrupt collision with Mother Earth, and “nerves” got the better of the party.

Nor were woodcock ever so contrary; they rose either out of shot or, when flushed by the beaters, they broke too high up or too low down. Everyone began to poke, and my own contribution to the bag—one bird—was a colossal fluke. It had fluted along the covert-edge, running the gauntlet of two guns, and then broke over the ride where I was hidden, nearly into my face. Partly through sheer fright, partly through slipping as I swung round, my gun went off prematurely, but to my amazement down came the ‘cock. And so it went on; there was more execrable shooting that day than I ever saw before or have even seen since. We must have seen a hundred birds; we got twelve, to eight guns, about six dogs and a couple of dozen beaters.

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Yet in contrast, I recollect a toilsome morning when we drew almost a complete blank in all three woods. Then, as a forlorn hope, we turned to the big bog below and set beaters and spaniels to work up wind a tangle of whins and knee-high heather along the river banks. In less than two hours we collected 34 birds within a half-mile radius, but the explanation was quite simple. A mild day after a spell of frost had brought a drip to the trees, unsealed the feeding springs, and sent the ‘cock out into the more open country.

The best day I recollect on this shoot is 21 couple; the worst is even more disastrous than that which I have told already. But, did I ever need one, the days that I spent along these covert-sides would be a lesson to me never to speculate in woodcock “futures,” for their little peculiarities are, to paraphrase Lord Dundreary, such “as no feller can rightly understand.”

J. B. DROUGHT.

# THE ART OF STREET GARDENING

## THE CASE FOR A LITTLE IMAGINATION IN CITY BY-WAYS

By JOHN CODRINGTON

**T**HERE is an aspect of town planning in which we in England are very backward: the use of plants for creating interest and touches of beauty in streets and courts otherwise undistinguished or unnecessarily drab.

We have, of course, many squares both public and private, and municipal gardens. Most churches have at least a small churchyard near by and occasionally some public-spirited individual plants a window-box, but for the most part our smaller streets and courts are far less attractive than they could be made at very slight expense. Many of them have considerable architectural merit, containing pleasing 18th- or 19th-century buildings: more often they are dull or downright ugly. In all cases the introduction of plants, climbers, shrubs or sometimes trees would improve them, if only by introducing a splash of green into an expanse of brown, grey or black.

In the City of London, much of which was built upon a mediæval or even earlier plan, small courts and alleys abound to an extent not found in the more modern industrial cities of the North and Midlands. The smaller, ancient country towns generally have no need for this garnishing, as trees and gardens are never very far off and should be jealously maintained. On the other hand, some provincial towns have had their centres destroyed and are preparing extensive rebuilding schemes, in most of which green open spaces are contemplated.

So that while the idea of embellishing the urban scene with plants in tubs and boxes is applicable to all towns, it would seem that London affords the greatest opportunity and has the greatest need for such treatment. At

the same time, some London examples and suggestions may well give ideas for analogous treatment elsewhere.

The appropriate places for tub planting are generally those which have only pedestrian traffic, though occasionally some wider streets might benefit. As to what should be used, few things are better than ordinary casks, which of course can be used in various sizes, and either cut in halves or not, according to circumstances. On some occasions square or oblong boxes or troughs are appropriate and it might even be suggested that the plain cylindrical concrete A.R.P. emergency water containers could be made use of for larger shrubs and trees where space is available. These could either be painted or left plain according to the character of the place in which they are put and possibly half sunk into the ground.

The choice of plants depends very largely on the amount of sun (or lack of it) and the neglect that they will probably have to suffer, for it would be wrong to impose additional strain on the already overloaded municipal authorities. It should, therefore, be taken as axiomatic that the plants, once planted, must look after themselves. Moreover, flowers, as such, would probably be a prey to passers-by, even were they to succeed in such generally airless and sunless places. The public is not yet sufficiently "flower-conscious" not to pick them, except in royal parks or around public buildings.

There are many different types of courts and streets that would benefit from tub-planting. On the one hand there are the formerly turfed plots outside the National Gallery which have become a public lunching place; they could be paved and made attractive with large tubs of flowers. At the other extreme there is in the west of London a typical long winding street of small houses, dating mainly from the eighteenth and 'thirties, but with some later,



HAND COURT, STRAND

A good example of how a few well-placed plants and a coat of whitewash can make a small court very pleasing

taller additions. This street was once the course of a stream whose meanderings are traceable in its curves. Tubs of golden privet at intervals along both sides would bring the whole street together and enhance the beauty of an already attractive byway.

Off this street are two small courts, formerly mews: they are similar in architectural design, but one of them, by the initiative of private individuals, has been planted with shrubs, while the other is bare. The contrast is striking and shows what can be done with an otherwise uninteresting corner.

The City is full of such places that could well be embellished even with one shrub or climber, while there are also many outside the City boundary. It is perhaps worth while naming a few appropriate places, when others will come to the mind of readers.

Goodwins Court, off St. Martin's Lane, is an intrinsically charming little alley where a few patches of green would do away with its present drabness, while Hop Gardens near by could be planted with hops trained across this otherwise rather dull passage way, and so make it a sight to enjoy.

Then there are Artillery Lane, near Bishopsgate, and Ely Court, off Hatton Garden. Crown Court and Pickering Place in St. James could be beautified by judicious planting, and many small streets in Clerkenwell, Islington and the Borough would be immensely improved and cheered in the same way. Some places, such as Victoria Square, could stand small pollarded trees in concrete A.R.P. cylinders, and others, such as Lazenby Court, Covent Garden, and the little courts off Cloth Fair, Smithfield, need only one vine or other creeper to increase their charm.

Some pedestrian passages are definitely ugly: if they were treated properly, the eye could be directed from the ugliness of the architecture to the beauty and variety of the shrubs along each side.

The plants and shrubs selected would have to be the most hardy procurable. Two solid and reliable "foundation stones" are golden privet and Virginia creeper. The privet must be allowed to grow properly, with very occasional pruning when young, but not clipped. The dreariest confinement and the most callous neglect cannot kill these two stalwarts. In



GOODWIN'S COURT, ST. MARTIN'S LANE

An alley of much character that could be made more attractive by a few tubs of greenery and a wash



rather happier circumstances aralias, figs, vines, polygonum (both the shrubby and the climbing sorts), rheum, irises, Solomon's seal and ferns might make their appearance, but the flowers would have to be put out of reach of marauders. In more open situations where larger tubs can be used, the various pyrus and prunus varieties would cheer up many a drab neighbourhood.

Due consideration should be given to the association of a place with certain plants. The suggestion of hops in the Hop Gardens has already been made. The re-introduction of cherry trees near Cherry Garden Pier in Bermuda would be appropriate, and some plant connected with the sea (e.g. sea buckthorn) might be placed near the Admiralty and the Fishmongers' Hall. Is it too fanciful to see Golden Square gay with laburnum ("golden rain"), golden rod, golden privet, and margolds?

Now who is going to bring all this to pass? The provincial towns have an easier problem than London. Their needs of such tub-garden-

ing are probably less and their municipal machinery less complicated than that of London. The L.C.C. and the various Borough Councils have their experts who deal with public open spaces and some squares, but they have definitely neglected tub-gardening in the streets. Other square gardens are run by the occupants of the houses round them.

Westminster City Council has asked the Royal Academy Planning Committee to submit designs for the treatment of Leicester Square: on the other hand, Ebury Square and some of the City churchyards are being dealt with by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association. The latter is a voluntary body with certain funds at its disposal. It fulfils a need by supplying seats in open spaces where none is provided municipally; it has also tidied up and planted various small open spaces in different parts of London, but it does not concern itself with the architectural surroundings of any given space, or indeed with planning at all. It is precisely this art of planting with due consideration of

site and architecture that is so important. The treatment of the corners of Russell Square is a singularly unhappy example of badly designed and inappropriate planting.

Street planting necessitates the co-operation of the municipal authorities, private individuals, the police (in case of possible traffic obstruction) and in certain cases firms or public bodies or individuals responsible for specific buildings: for example, the City Companies might be involved, the incumbents of churches, owners of public-houses, certain Government offices and in some cases the Ministry of Works.

Clearly, however, when it comes to street gardening such as is envisaged in this article, the matter must be taken up seriously by the planning authorities, and it should be somebody's job to tackle all the many interested parties; it should not be left to the enthusiasm of a few individuals with little power to act further than their own window-boxes.

## "OWING TO CARELESSNESS"

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

WHEN I first began to read reports of golf matches—it is a long time ago and there were not many to read—the reporters were either more ignorant or were actuated by a greater delicacy of feeling than are we their successors of to-day; when a player missed a short putt his failure was always "owing to carelessness." Nowadays we are fiercer and more realistic; we will have none of this saving of face, for we imply that which is at any rate near to the truth, that the poor man was so frightened that he could scarce hold his club, and that far from being careless he was putting up a heartfelt prayer to heaven that the ball might go in. A man does sometimes go up to the ball with the obvious intention of getting the horrible moment over, on the "miss them quick" principle laid down, I think, by Alec Smith of Carnoustie, once Open Champion of America; but that is a different matter. In my belief the only putts that are missed from carelessness are those of not more than three or four inches, when to miss seems so unthinkable that the player hits them one-handed or back-handed. Otherwise this lack of care is a flattering myth.

I have been trying to recall any instances of such a miss on an important or indeed on any occasion and for some while could only think of one. I believe it to be true that when Harry Vardon won the American Open at Wheaton in 1900 he tackled a tiny putt one-handed and missed the ball. It made no difference in the result, as he won by two shots from J. H. Taylor, who was hard on his heels all the way, but I should doubt if he ever took one hand to a putt for the rest of his life. I am pretty sure I never saw him do so.

I thought that was the only moral tale I could tell and then Providence provided me with another in the shape of a contemporary account of a much older championship, that of 1876. And this time the slip did make all the difference in the world to Davie Strath, for he only tied with Bob Martin instead of winning; he lost on playing off the tie and he was never Open Champion. Let me record the event in suitably solemn words such as were used by the reporter of the day. "In his first round," I read, "the most noticeable incident occurred at the sixth hole 'in.' Here Davie had to play a ball which was lying within two or three inches of the hole, and, with a want of caution not quite unblameable, he went carelessly up to it, touched it in passing with the reverse side of his club, failed to hole it, and in this way lost a stroke." I like the mingled tenderness and severity of "not quite unblameable," and altogether here is a moral tale worthy of Jane and Ann Taylor, Maria Edgeworth or any of the other worthies in that line of business.

I must here for a moment digress from my virtuous theme to set down another curious incident in that Championship, which is, as far

as I know, unique. It appears that in his last round Strath was going to the seventeenth, the Road hole, and played his third shot to the green while the couple in front were still putting there. The ball "by a legitimate enough rub on the green" (sic) hit either one of the players or their caddies and his ball stayed on the green instead of going into the road, whereby Strath got a sorely needed five. The players in front of him instantly lodged a claim that he should be disqualified for breaking the rule forbidding the playing on to a green while others were still putting there. I suppose that at that date the distinction between the rules

in a casual game; he knocked the ball in while holding his club with his right hand and caught it with his left hand as it fell in. Alas! he had clearly not holed out within the meaning of the act and there was no sweep for him.

Perhaps the occasion on which a man feels the biggest fool and wants most to kick himself for having been careless is when his adversary first goes out of bounds and he then follows him there. The kicking is justifiable enough, but I declare that the cause is not always carelessness, and really I ought to know, as a certain deplorable feat of my own at the nineteenth hole at Hoylake will prove. It is in all the books and I will not tell it yet again, but will rather tell another story to show how easily the thing can happen in the most respectable circles. My illustrious partner and I were playing in a match at Rye for the Society against the American Walker Cup team. We came to the old tenth tee, a most treacherous tee, as all who know it will remember, since it is deceitfully sheltered from the wind. The Americans had the honour (they were, I think, Dr. Willing and Mr. Fred Wright) and the first of them, not knowing the course very well, drove straight at the hole; the wind promptly whirled his ball over the fence and into the field. His partner made some allowance but not enough and out he went likewise. Then came my partner, and he finished much farther out than either of them. It was now my turn and it may be imagined that I was not careless; I aimed far away to the left and bent every nerve and sinew on to the single task of staying in bounds. And I did stay in, but my ball was on the road and within a few feet of the fence. I should have been unquestionably kick-worthy if I had not, but heaven knows it would not have been from want of caring or trying.

There are few mistakes more irritating and, as it seems, unnecessary than that of hitting a tee shot out of bounds and the onlookers are always inclined to blame the player for not taking care to avoid it. But his real fault was rather, on most occasions, lack of imagination; as in the case of those tiny putts tried with the back of the putter, it simply did not occur to him that he could do such a thing. I can think of two instances in which the driving out of bounds at a single hole, the fourteenth at St. Andrews, in all human probability decided the issue of an Amateur Championship. In each case the sinner was playing very well at the moment and the idea of so gratuitous an error never, I feel sure, occurred to him. Yet the horrid and incredible thing did happen. And the worst of it is, from a moral point of view, that this fine, unimaginative frame of mind, to which a mistake seems impossible, is on the whole an enviable one, which leads to the winning of matches. It can be overdone, of course, but there is a great deal to be said for it.

### THE CAPTIVE LARCH

*THE larch looms up in shabby might,  
Snow-stirred whiskers brown and white,  
A torrent of dark ivy sunk  
In transformation down his trunk.*

*That grace he had, a stripling prince,  
Was lost in habitude long since;  
By man untended, slack he stood  
In brambled ways and found life good.*

*So ivy climbed, so ivy clung,  
Branched out and bunched, in tangles hung,  
Grey tendrils knitting up his form  
Where jays keep screaming nestlings warm.*

*Now see him, a bedraggled hulk,  
In nothing notable save bulk,  
Swaddled and clamped, in cankering ease,  
An aged sloven among trees.*

*Yet when the Spring comes keen and clean  
He'll dip his finger-tips in green,  
Spruce up his beard, his tassels fling,  
And try, though captive, to be king.*

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR.

and the etiquette of the game may not have been drawn; anyhow, the claim was not upheld. It may be said that the rub of the green and the tiny putt missed cancelled one another and the Fates were certainly so far forgiving, but as poor Davie lost the tie my moral remains unimpaired. Incidentally it is worth noting that his third shot was a full one with a wooden club, and that though there was a wind behind him. In a familiar phrase, that just shows you, doesn't it? How much longer the course played in those days than it does now with the rubber-cored ball, to say nothing of modern clubs!

Now to return to our moral sheep, there was a tragical affair on a medal day at St. Andrews a few years back which teaches a particular lesson. A certain player had a very short putt to hole on the home green for a score which would, as it turned out, have won him the handicap sweep, a prize from a sordid point of view well worth the winning. It was so short that he did what hundreds of others have done

## CORRESPONDENCE

ORIENTAL RUGS OF  
GERMAN MAKE

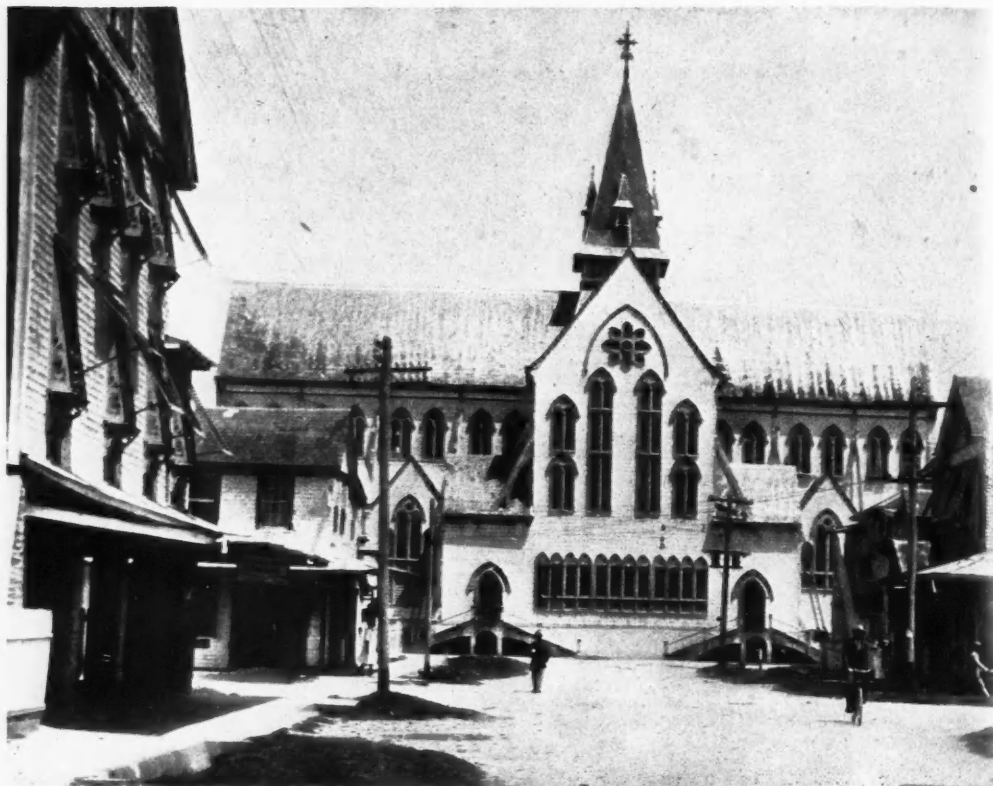
SIR,—Your warning footnote to the letter on Oriental rugs in *COUNTRY LIFE* for October 12 reminded me of an enlightening incident which occurred some years before the Great War. I was walking in London with a German friend named Adolph Protzen, of the firm of Protzen and Son, Berlin, carpet manufacturers. Herr Protzen stopped before the window of a well-known upholsterer. He indicated some rugs which were on show and said: "These look like my stuff; let us step in and enquire." He asked the salesman if the rugs were of Oriental manufacture. "Certainly, sir," was the reply. "Are you quite sure?" he continued. "Undoubtedly, and if you wish we shall be pleased to show you the invoice." My friend then turned up a corner of one of the rugs and disclosed the mark of his firm. The *bona fides* of the retailers was unquestioned; but the rugs had been purchased in Berlin, shipped to the East and re-shipped to England as of Oriental make.—EDGAR SYERS, Maidenhead Thicket, Berkshire.

BRITISH COLONIAL  
ARCHITECTURE

SIR,—Your occasional articles on building in timber suggest that some of your readers may be interested in this photograph of St. George's Cathedral, Georgetown, British Guiana, sent to me by a friend. It is said to be one of the largest wooden buildings in the world. The Cathedral, surely the least generally known of Church of England metropolitan churches, was designed by Sir A. Blomfield and built 1889-92. It is curious to see how that expert in Gothic architecture contrived to handle the style to adapt it to the medium.

Its great height makes it impressive and also enables the Cathedral to display to advantage the magnificent timber of the Colony of which it is constructed. Most of the houses in Georgetown are timber-built, the framework being of the excellent native timbers but faced, for the most part, with imported pine weatherboarding from U.S.A. Houses are mostly built on brick piers, with a void beneath them, as a precaution against damp and insects. The city is said to be highly attractive with its curious architecture, broad and well-laid-out streets, and plentiful gardens of flowering trees and shrubs. A devastating fire some years ago laid much of the city in ruins, but I gather that the Cathedral is intact.

But it is a reflection upon the British interest in architecture that it has been a matter of some difficulty to discover this much about the buildings of Georgetown. The same applies



THE CATHEDRAL, GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA, SAID TO BE ONE OF THE LARGEST WOODEN BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD

See letter: British Colonial Architecture

to most other British colonies. Is it not time that the Colonial Office stimulated an intelligent interest in the nation's historic possessions by causing to be made a photographic survey, with concise information, of British Colonial Architecture? Besides the West Indies, which must contain a very large quantity of 18th- and early 19th-century architecture, there are the Dutch and Portuguese ports of the West African coast on which information is certainly not generally obtainable, though I believe that some photographs of the latter have been issued through the private enterprise of one of the trading companies interested in cocoa.—CURIOUS CROWE, *Armchair Club*, London.

EDINBURGH'S ROYAL  
MILE

SIR,—Visiting Edinburgh again for the first time for many years, I was shocked to see the dilapidated condition of many of the buildings—some

of them of historic interest—in the "Royal Mile."

What, if anything, the City of Edinburgh proposes to do to preserve the character of its famous street, it would be interesting to learn. But to the casual visitor, at least, it was disturbing to find this historic part of the City so badly neglected and the approach to Holyrood Palace—with those all too conspicuous public lavatories at its very gates!—so mean and slovenly.

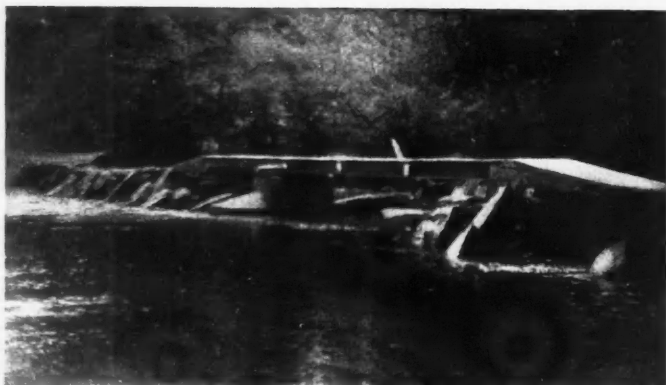
I had always thought the people of Edinburgh proud of their City, with its beauty and historic associations. It seems I must revise my views.—W. CAREY WILSON, *Woodford Rise, Woodford, near Kettering, Northamptonshire*.

## TARR STEPS BRIDGE

SIR,—While in Somerset recently I visited Tarr Steps, near Dulverton, to learn the exact fate of the fine old clapper bridge spanning the River Barle. *COUNTRY LIFE* readers will remember that it was damaged by heavy Winter flooding early in the war.

As the photograph shows, the middle of the bridge was wrecked. The long slab of concrete now bridging the gap constitutes a veritable eyesore. One feels that it would have been better to leave the ancient ruin—as the structure had become—and to build a complete temporary structure a little farther up or down stream.—H. SMITH, 9, *Merilies Close, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex*.

[We are informed by the County Surveyor for Somerset that the County Council, in which, as Highway Authority, the care of the bridge is vested, intends to restore the structure as nearly as possible to its prehistoric condition as soon as circumstances permit. The repairs carried out in recent years are purely temporary.—ED.]



THE DAMAGED BRIDGE AT TARR STEPS AS TEMPORARILY REPAIRED

See letter: Tarr Steps Bridge

ENGLISH AND GERMAN  
GUNSHOT

SIR,—There are many of us now in Germany who use German shot when we get the opportunity to go out for a few hours with a gun. I am sure it would be a great help if you were to publish a table of comparison between German shot and our own. The usual sizes one meets are 2½, 3, 3½ and 4 mm.

Another point is that the spread of shot appears to be less than our own, and birds are torn about when one would not expect them to be. Can you throw any light on this?—P. D. M. A., *B.A.O.R.*

[The following is the table requested by our correspondent:—

	British.	German.	British.	German.
	mm.		mm.	
A.	4½	4½	2.85	
B.B.B.	4¼	5	2.8	
B.B.	4	5½	2¾	
B.	3¾	6½	2½	
1	3.65	7	2.4	
2	3½	8	2¼	
3	3¼	9	2	
4	3			

The spread of shot is narrower in all German S.G. ammunition, owing mainly to the fact that cartridges are loaded with heavier pellets (by comparison with the British equivalent) and with heavier charges behind them. In view of this, another point may well be that our correspondent is using heavier loads and shot too big for the size of game he is shooting. This would account for the mauling of birds which one would not expect with British cartridges.—ED.]

APPULDURCOMBE, ISLE  
OF WIGHT

SIR,—During September I visited Appuldurcombe, Isle of Wight. I talked to the occupier of the lodge who had spent his whole life on the estate and I learnt of some of the vicissitudes of this magnificent house; then I begged





CHANTREY'S MURAL TABLET TO DR. JAMES, HEADMASTER OF RUGBY 1778-94

See letter: Headmasters' Monuments

secure the stonework at a not too unreasonable cost. —H. L. BAXENDALE, *Chidham, Chichester, Sussex.*

[The general question of ancient monuments, and the preservation of country houses in particular, is the subject of an article by Lord Methuen to be published next week, following that by the Marchioness of Exeter in the present issue.—Ed.]

### HEADMASTERS' MONUMENTS

SIR,—I have been much interested in your correspondence about wall monuments in high relief. May I add a third one, another headmaster, Dr. James, Headmaster of Rugby 1778-94. It is by Chantry and has the usual chair and busts; other figures, as in the Winchester and Harrow examples, are lacking. Are these monuments so classical as a result of the Neo-Greek movement of the end of the eighteenth century? Dr. James's robe, although

supposed to be classical, has a definite tinge of a master's gown about it.

The monument is at present on the north wall of Rugby chapel. I enclose a sketch of it.—D. F. CLAYTON, *School House, Rugby, Warwickshire.*

[No doubt our correspondent's surmise as to the classical origin of such monuments is correct.—Ed.]

### HAMPTON COURT FURNITURE

SIR,—In the correspondence on furniture at Hampton Court and Knole, what Mr. Watson omits, Mr. Edwards explains—the damask cover of the Hampton Court stool “at some subsequent date has been replaced by velvet.” If this were the case the replacement would not have taken place (allowing time for the damask to wear) much before the second quarter of the eighteenth century. Surely a curious procedure on the part of a royal tradesman of the time of George I or II to renovate an old-fashioned type of close stool and to use materials—crimson velvet, ribbon,

fringe, and gilt nails—belonging to a style of furnishing 150 years earlier.

The value of coffer-makers' furniture was in the covering material and trimmings, not in the wood carcass, and therefore it would not have been worth while to have spent the time in extracting the many nails in order to re-use the deal carcass. That close stools were not re-covered is evident by the many new ones supplied to the Royal Household in each reign.

The velvet-covered extant cradle owned by the Duke of Beaufort (see illustration) and the Hampton Court stool both belong in my opinion to the 16th-century tradition of the coffer-maker's craft. The cradle possesses many features in common with the stool—the fringe, the double row of nails, the worn crimson silk velvet. Yet Mr. Edwards dates the stool 1699 and the cradle 1610, the year he gives in the *Dictionary of English Furniture*.

Mr. Edwards's fresh points of view about the Knole-bed do not influence my opinion of its James I

knows of no earlier tradition of James I and the Knole bed than the nineteenth century, and yet he himself quotes Fanny Burney and she lived in the eighteenth century.

A remark of Mr. Edwards with which I strongly disagree, is that contemporary evidence in the form of bills and inventories “can often prove highly misleading.” To anybody experienced in assessing such evidence this is certainly not the case. The only difficulty about evidence of this nature is that much labour must be expended in examining hundreds of inventories, for from a few inventories only but little knowledge can be gleaned. The evidence derived from a wide survey of many inventories over a given period is invaluable to the historian of English furniture; for by no other means is it possible for him to learn about types of English furniture that no longer exist. How possibly, for instance, could he know that velvet-covered close stools were used in the time of Henry VII; and that in



HIGHWOOD HILL, THE HOME OF SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES FOR A PART OF 1817

See letter: Highwood Hill

date. He was wrong about the plumes of feathers and he is now only voicing his opinion about the fringe and the pattern of the hangings. He asks why I make no attempt to explain how it is “the Knole bed survives in solitary splendour.” But I think it would be far more unusual for an English bed of the time of William III to be made with cloth of gold hangings than that such a bed should have survived from the reign of James I. Mr. Edwards

Elizabeth's reign there was a tradesman who supplied ostrich feathers to surmount the testers of the royal beds.

1581-2. To Raphael Hamond for 6 plumes containing 7 dozen of ostrich feathers of diverse colours ornamented with venice gold and the spangles for the said bedstead ... .. £8 13 4 (L.C. 9. 73. P.R.O.)

—R. W. SYMONDS, *Shelley Court, Tite Street, S.W.3.*

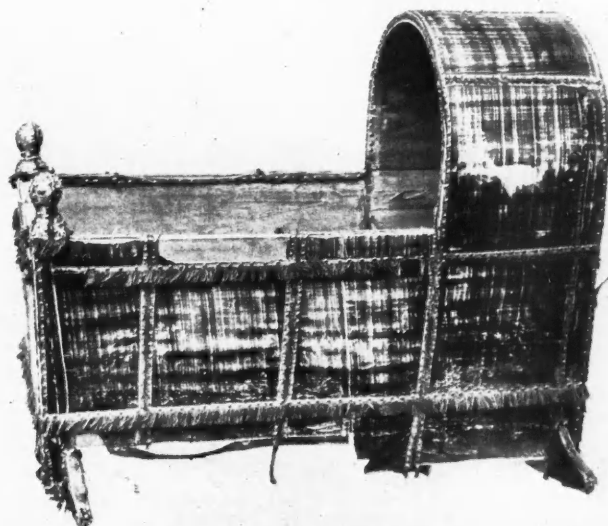
### HIGHWOOD HILL

SIR,—Referring to the note in a recent issue on Sir Stamford Raffles I dare say that the accompanying old engraving of the house he built on Highwood Hill, Middlesex, may be of some interest.

When we lived in the house, the neighbouring village, although so near to London, was very “old world.” Even in this century at Christmas-time the mummings used to come round to act their traditional play with the characters of St. George, Pompey, the Apothecary, and others I cannot remember. Instead of sheepskins, the mummings wore bulky coats of shredded paper to produce the same effect. Otherwise the play appeared to be unchanged after centuries of repetition.—HAROLD WHITAKER, 9, Rutland Court, S.W.7.

### REQUIEM SERVICE FOR NOVEMBER 11?

SIR,—With the approach of November 11 for the first time following the end of a second Great War, the time is perhaps not inopportune to suggest some additional tribute to the Fallen besides the Two Minutes Silence. Would it not be fitting for some kind of Requiem Service to be held in



VELVET-COVERED CRADLE, PROPERTY OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT

See letter: Hampton Court Furniture

leave to look closer at the ruin, because ruin it is, caused largely by war-time destruction, by ignorant and presumably bored members of the armed forces whose officers apparently knew no better than the men and allowed stone vases to be used as cockshies, balustrading to be toppled from the roof to crash to the terrace below, and roof slates to be removed, causing irreparable damage to the interior. A parachute mine landed near by and blast smashed much of the window glass; the remainder received attention from stone-throwers. As a nation we sadly lack the æsthetic sense—we destroy architectural beauty without a shudder—the few who do care find themselves lost among a mass of indifference.

Appuldurcombe is a shining but pathetic example of this dreadful lack of cultural education. In 1932 *COUNTRY LIFE*'s illustrated article on this house by Mr. Arthur Oswald (Vol. LXXII, page 572) ends with these words: “Her Majesty the Queen (Queen Mary) was keenly interested in it and expressed the hope that it might be possible to save it.”

Not only has it not been “saved”; it has been deliberately damaged, nay almost ruined since that date. Your important reference to this house in your number dated October 26, last suggests a possible transference, stone by stone, to another site, as a last resort—this would be preferable to complete destruction.

But will not the National Trust consider the possibility of preserving and so retaining the shell *in situ*?

Some financial return would be possible by its use as a tea garden (on the lines of the Kensington Gardens Restaurant), situated as it is conveniently close to Shanklin, Ventnor and Sandown, or the County Council have power under the National Trust Acts of 1927, Sub-section 2 of Section 7, to contribute to the expense of acquisition and maintenance and preservation provided the property is vested in the National Trust, in which case it could be preserved as a national monument for no other use than to give education and pleasure to those who visit it, by the beauty of its outline and the beauty of its setting, which alternative would be preferable.

Serious damage has been done, but a survey may show that it is not too late to make the roof watertight, to repair and glaze the windows, and

churches of all denominations throughout the Empire?

A short service with special prayers of thanksgiving for our salvation; an address on the debt we owe our warriors; and a hymn—perhaps Kipling's *Recessional*, which ranks as one of the finest ever composed—would probably meet with general approval.

I would also suggest that the service conclude with Chopin's Funeral

British Legion Appeal that the same form of service as that followed in pre-war years will be adopted at the Whitehall Cenotaph ceremony. The same signals as of old will mark the beginning and end of the Silence.—ED.]

## TWO PECULIAR TREES IN CEYLON

SIR,—Among the remarkable trees in the beautiful island of Ceylon are the jak (*Artocarpus integrifolia*) tree and the cannon-ball tree (*Couropita guianensis*).

The cannon-ball tree is not so common, though it is found in Colombo and up-country gardens, being planted for shade and the pretty pink-and-white flowers; but, though not an ordinarily beautiful tree, it is very striking when it bears its huge, woody racemes four to six feet long with the large blooms. It looks pretty at the Royal Botanical Gardens at Peradeniya. What is even more remarkable is that the tree bears large, brown, globular fruits resembling cannon balls which often attain the size of the human head. The suspended ball-like fruits, which are not borne on twigs in the normal way, are very striking indeed.

The jak attracts notice not only by its great height, but by its gigantic fruits. It produces them in prodigious quantities—often 80 or more in one tree. The funny thing about it is that the fruits are borne on the trunk and

older branches, sometimes at the base of the trunk and even under ground. The tree throws huge pods from the trunk and larger branches, and suspends them by thick, short stalks. Each fruit, which is green in colour, with occasional patches of yellow when ripe, is about two feet long, and may weigh anything between 40 and 100 lb. Though the rind, which has hexagonal knobs, is not edible, the fruit is commonly eaten, and the unripe fruit too, apart from being used as a curry vegetable by country folks, forms a very useful food, when cooked or boiled, in lieu of rice among the poor peasantry. The seeds, embedded in the yellow, soft, flaky pulp, are also used as food after being roasted.—S. V. O. SOMANADER, Batticaloa, Ceylon.

## RED SQUIRREL SWIMMING

SIR,—While sailing on Lough Carra in the west of Ireland, we sighted something swimming on the surface of the water. As we neared it, it flattened out into a streamlined object.

We passed it on our port side—a beautiful red squirrel, seemingly swimming happily—and immediately we passed it, it up curved its tail again, feathering out and making a perfect sail; so we let it be, and we and it continued our journey.

Is it known that red squirrels take to water? We have never seen this happen before.—B. L., County Mayo, Eire.

[Yes, the red



## PAVED WITH HORSES' TEETH

See letter: A Dental Floor

squirrel can and will swim well when the need arises, though it is certainly not given to doing so for pleasure.—ED.]

## MARKET CROSSES

SIR,—In the Correspondence columns of COUNTRY LIFE recently reference was made to a market cross at Wakefield. There was a cross erected by Edward IV after the Battle of Wakefield, December 20, 1460, which had its roof beautified with a picture of our Saviour; this cross was defaced by the Roundhead soldiers when they captured Wakefield in 1643, but was not destroyed, for in 1684, Ann Smith was ordered to stand upon Wakefield market cross for selling ale on Sunday in time of Divine Service.

This market cross was soon afterwards removed, for the inhabitants complained that they had no convenient place for public meetings, or for the exposure of butter, eggs and poultry.

In 1707, they agreed to erect a market cross with a chamber over it. The market cross so erected was a square open colonnade of eight Doric pillars, supporting a cornice, upon which rested a domed chamber covered with lead, above which was a lantern with a glazed window on each of the four sides to give light to the interior of the chamber; the lead roof of the lantern was surrounded by a square bell-chamber filled with louvre boards, so that the sound of the bell within might be heard throughout the town. Above this a scrolled iron bracket at each of the four corners supported a ball into which was inserted a weather-vane of iron-work. A winding wooden staircase in the centre led up to the Cross Chamber, in which meetings were held. Vendors of butter, eggs and poultry covered the steps surrounding the ground floor, while the sellers of crockery and other household wares littered the

surrounding space with their baskets of goods.—J. W. WALKER, Twente Hall, Cheshire.

## A DENTAL FLOOR

SIR,—In November, 1943, you published a photograph of mine showing a piece of floor "paved" with sheep's knucklebones, and some interesting correspondence followed. Possibly readers may be amused at another and, I think, rarer kind of flooring—horses' teeth.

The floor of a summer-house at Heythrop College (by the courtesy of



## MARKET CROSS WITH LANTERN AND BELL-CHAMBER

See letter: Market Crosses

whose rector I took my photograph) is patterned, some of the sections being set with horses' teeth. As two or three sections of the floor had been spoilt by local vandals, and there were loose teeth about, I set one loose near and one other tooth up to show roughly the length of the roots thrust into the floor. Persons not closely acquainted with horses' teeth will notice how strongly defined are the markings.

I do not know whether there are any other dental floors in the country, or how this one came to be made, but doubtless it could be traced to the nearness of the fox-hound kennels and the connection of former owners of Heythrop with horses and hunting.—J. D. U. W., Oxford.



## THE JAK TREE IN FRUIT

See letter: Two Peculiar Trees in Ceylon

March, the second part of which breathes so much promise and belief in a future life.

Thus, we who are still alive, and posterity after us, would be at one with those gallant spirits who gave their all here below that others might live in peace, in freedom, and in security.—DOROTHY ALHUSEN, Easterton, Devizes, Wiltshire.

[The Two Minutes Silence to be observed next Sunday will be the first since 1938. We have been informed from the Headquarters of Earl Haig's



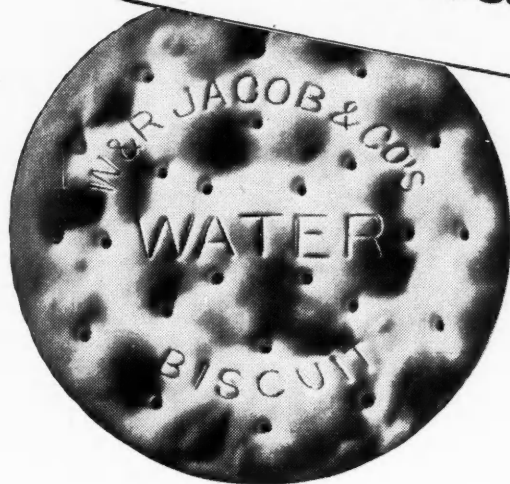
## THE CANNON-BALL TREE

See letter: Two Peculiar Trees in Ceylon

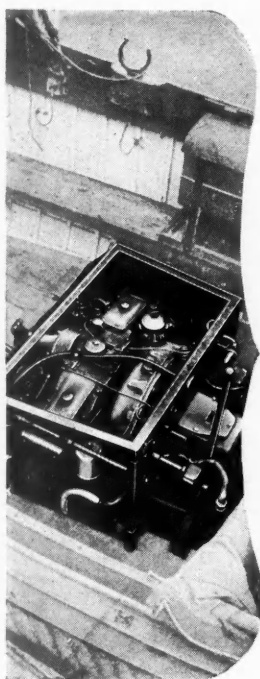


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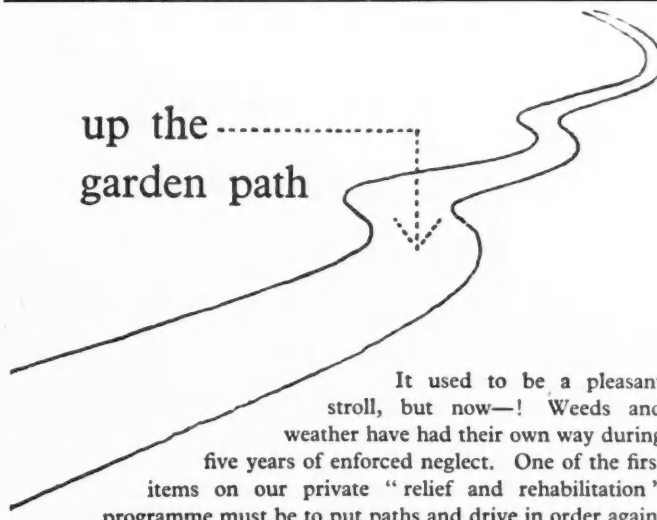
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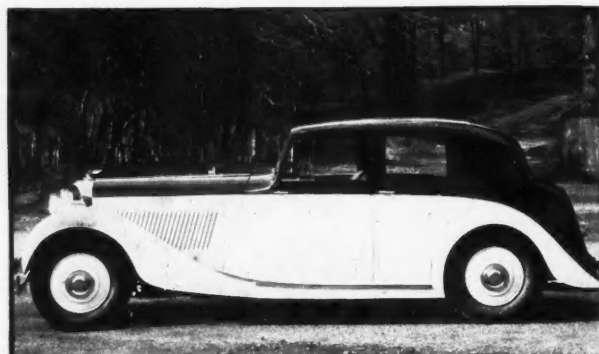
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# ARE FISH INTELLIGENT?

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

ON the evidence of anecdotes some fish have been credited with a considerable measure of intelligence. The wallago catfish has been seen hunting in packs with concerted action; two male lampreys have been observed co-operating in the removal of a large stone while nest-building on the spawning beds. Every experienced angler has some tale to tell of a hooked fish which used every conceivable trick in its efforts to break the line. Such evidence is inadmissible in a critical examination of the question "Are fish intelligent?" Only the results of planned experiment under controlled conditions may be considered.

The behaviour of fish may be examined under two headings: automatic and intelligent.

The simplest type of automatic behaviour is the reflex action. If a young fish is clamped in an experimental tank and current is switched on the head and tail automatically bend towards the positive pole. Sense organs in the muscles detect the current and pass a nervous impulse to the spinal cord, the muscles being immediately flexed. If the fish is free to move it will lie parallel to the lines of force, facing the positive pole. Should the current suddenly be reversed, the fish will turn through 180°. These are reflex actions.

A chain of reflex actions constitutes instinctive behaviour. This is behaviour related to a definite situation, performed without conscious reasoning by the fish and normally advantageous to the species. Thus the behaviour of a ripe male salmon is to seek a female and fertilise her eggs. An instinct is simply the inherited power to carry out such behaviour.

\*\*\*

A chain of instincts may result in behaviour of an order perhaps too complex to be comprehended by the human mind. Efforts have been made to explain the migration of larval eels from the depths of the Atlantic to English brickponds on purely mechanistic lines. Salinity, oxygen content of the water, temperature and currents have all been suggested as contributory stimuli, but a satisfying interpretation has still to be made.

It may be that unknown senses are involved. Thus killifishes trapped in a rockpool seem to know when the tide is ebbing even though the water in their pool is stationary. They have been seen to throw themselves out of a pool on to the wet sand and to flop their way back to sea. This behaviour continued even when the sea was screened off.

Memory may apparently interpose its effect into an instinctive chain. The eggs of the Chinook salmon spawned in one tributary of a big river were transplanted to another. When the resulting salmon had migrated to the sea and later ran up to spawn themselves, they returned to the tributary in which they hatched—not to the one where they were spawned.

Automatic behaviour may be modified by artificial means. Thus, although the appearance of food, a visual stimulus, may be the primary cause of a fish's excitement, the same response will be given to a whistling sound after a number of experiments in which the sound has been associated with the presentation of food. This substitution of an unnatural for a natural stimulus in a reflex mechanism results in a conditioned reflex.

\*\*\*

A chain of conditioned reflexes constitutes a habit. Individual fishes vary in their ability to fix the new association. Some learn more quickly than others. This measure of learning might be considered as an aspect of intelligence, but is rather a function of memory.

Intelligence is best defined as the ability to meet a novel situation by novel behaviour adapted to the situation. Memory cannot be entirely divorced from intelligence for the novel behaviour may consist of actions previously learned but differently arranged. In behaviour experiments with higher animals like rats and monkeys, a commonly used method for assessing

intelligence, is to note the number of trials required for an animal to find its way through a maze without making mistakes, and then to observe its actions when presented with a slightly different set-up. Such experiments on very simple lines have been tried with fish.

When a fighting fish (*Betta splendens*) was separated from a worm by a glass partition, it struck at it directly and bumped its snout. After a while, finding a hole in the partition by accident, it went through and found it could eat the worm. In further trials, the fish went straight through the hole.

When a new glass partition was inserted in place of the old one with the hole in a different place, the fish looked for the old hole and not finding it became indifferent to the worm on the other side. As before, the new hole was eventually found by accident in the course of the fish's wanderings. The fish then passed through and immediately devoured the worm.

\*\*\*

When a third partition was used with the hole in still another place, the fish looked where the last hole had been and then, not finding it, tried where the first hole had been. It did not then deliberately look round for a new hole. It found it only accidentally, as before. Even when the new hole had its edges painted to make it easily visible, the fighting fish looked for the old hole first. When the position of the hole

in the plate was gradually raised so that the bottom of the hole was at the water's surface, the fish could be trained to jump through it.

In another set-up, a fish was trained to go through an opening to get a worm. When the worm was moved so that the shorter course was through another opening, the fish still took the old long course, though it could see the worm's position clearly through the glass.

\*\*\*

When a black plate was placed in such a position that the fish, having seen the worm and passed through the hole as it had learned to do in previous experiments, was unable to see its prey, it returned to the starting-point. Eventually, it wandered past the black plate and, seeing the worm, ate it. In subsequent trials the fish went straight to the worm.

When a hole was made in the black plate so that the fish could see the worm immediately on passing through the glass partition, the fish still took the long way round.

The evidence of these experiments and of other trials using sticklebacks, wrasse and other species shows that, though fish have considerable ability to learn and can be trained to appreciate a given set of conditions, they have little, if any, power to reason. When presented with a new set of conditions they are completely at a loss and have no ability to apply lessons learned in previous circumstances. They are in fact not intelligent.

## STORAGE OF FARM-YARD MANURE

THERE are something over 150,000 farms in this country producing milk and therefore at the same time producing natural manure. On only very few of these farms are any arrangements made for the proper conservation of the manure; too often does one see it dumped in a loose and straggling heap, open to the rain which washes out most, if not all, the valuable chemical constituents. Add to the 150,000 herds of dairy cows an unspecified number of piggeries and stables in which the same lack of proper manure storage facilities exists, and bear in mind that a cow produces something between 10 and 15 tons of manure in a year, and some rough idea can be gained of the thousands of tons of manure which annually reaches the land in a seriously depleted condition.

A covered manure dump is an excellent investment and very soon repays its initial cost; even an uncovered dump is considerably better than nothing, provided that the floor and retaining walls are impervious. The roof of the dump can be either corrugated iron, if it is obtainable, or corrugated asbestos sheets supported on either reinforced concrete or wooden uprights. The concrete floor of the dump should be sloped towards the middle to prevent the escape of any liquid.

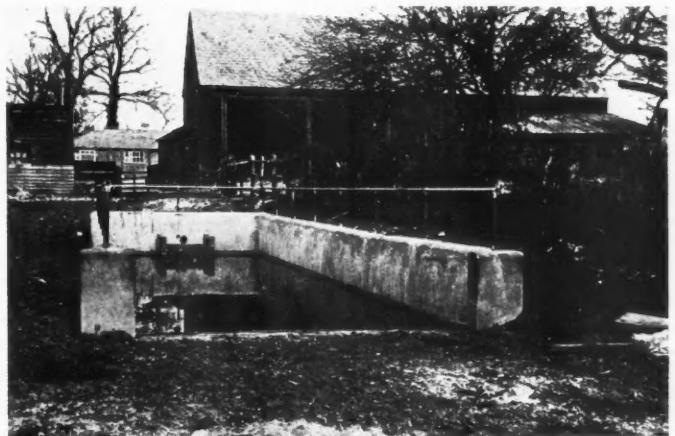
Openings in the side or end walls wide enough to take a cart or tractor trailer are essential. If it can be arranged, an underground liquid manure tank near the manure pit is a great asset. The liquid manure can then be pumped over the solid at frequent intervals, with the result that well-rotted and valuable manure is produced in place of the far too common "rain-washed straw."

In the accompanying illustration ingenious use of a slight slope in the ground produced a cheap but efficient

and easily emptied manure pit into which all the liquid manure from the neighbouring cowhouse and loose boxes is drained. A brick grill round the liquid manure outfall prevents the accumulated manure from stopping up the drain as the level of the manure in the dump rises. The whole pit is sloped from front to back to retain the liquid manure, but the angle of slope has deliberately been kept easy so as not to interfere with loaded carts pulling out from the back of the pit.

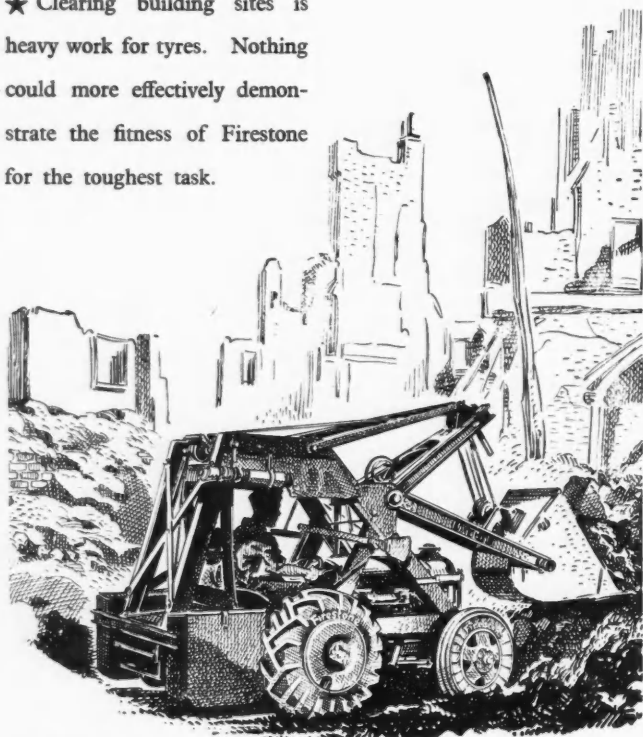
A small, properly constructed dump from which the manure has to be taken straight on to the fields several times during the Winter is better than no dump at all, but probably the most convenient size is one which will comfortably accommodate all the manure produced in three months. The dump will then be emptied once soon after Christmas, a job for a frosty day, and once in the early Spring. A cubic yard of fairly well consolidated manure weighs approximately three-quarters of a ton; a dump, therefore, which measures 20 ft. long by 12 ft. wide with 4 ft. 6 in. retaining walls will accommodate—emptied twice during the Winter—all the manure produced from a herd of approximately 15 cows.

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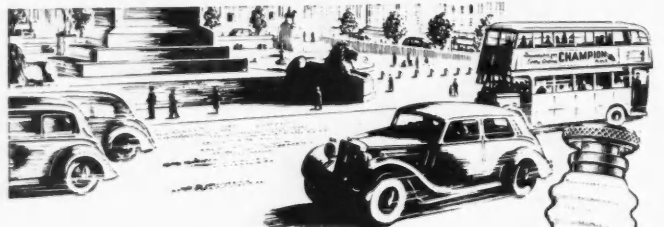


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## NEW BOOKS

# A GREAT AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

**M**R. SEAN O'CASEY'S book *Drums Under the Windows* (Macmillan, 15s.) is the third volume of an autobiography to which *I Knock at the Door* and *Pictures in the Hallway* have already been contributed. Some time hence, the story will end with a fourth book called *The Clock Strikes Twelve*.

In this present book, dealing with the years immediately before the Easter Rising, the author is entering upon young manhood. His life has three main preoccupations. To begin with, he must earn bread for himself

Transport and General Workers' Union: to these and other causes he gave himself with abandonment, and from most he at last separated himself, his individual outlook, one imagines, proving difficult to those who liked to issue orders and see them unquestioningly obeyed.

The essential trouble was that O'Casey had a vision, and so many of the others had only a grievance. This was why, of them all, his heart seems to have cleaved most closely to Jim Larkin. "Here," he writes, "was a man who would put a flower in a vase on a table as well as a loaf on a plate.

**DRUMS UNDER THE WINDOWS.** By Sean O'Casey  
(Macmillan, 15s.)

**ESKIMOLAND SPEAKS.** By W. B. Van Valin  
(Museum Press, 12s. 6d.)

and his ageing mother, and at times other members of the family are dependent, too, on what little help he can give. He has been trained in no special skill, and drifts here and there about Dublin wielding a navy's pick and shovel.

### UNDER THREAT

It is a hard life. The pay is scandalously low, and the young man's body is not built for huge physical effort. His legs let him down; he lives under the threat of permanent paralysis; there are tubercular swellings in the neck; the eyes grow dim; blindness is another of the fears that gloat through the windows opening upon his manhood.

From time to time he asks himself whether the whole trouble may not be that he is not getting enough to eat, and the question is reasonable. Bread and tea seem to be the staple fare in the ramshackle slum room where his heroic mother tends the few plants that are her escape from this reality.

The youth has his escapes too, and these make up the second and third of his preoccupations. He was to live to write a play called *The Plough and the Stars*; and these two words, plough and stars, symbolise aptly enough these other preoccupations. The plough symbolises all that man may do to make his sojourn tolerable here below; and his immortal hope is directed to the bright shiners.

O'Casey, with a mental enthusiasm pathetically at variance with his physical equipment, threw himself into many of the movements that proliferated in the Dublin of his day; and one may guess that few of the soaring figures of the time were aware that the youth among them, dragging his tortured limbs all over the city on their business, hot, it seems, of tongue and temper, fiercely protestant and independent in opinion, was destined to write a book in which all that time lives with a startling vehement life, thronged with violent smoky action like an Elizabethan stage.

The Irish Republican Brotherhood, the Citizen Army, the Irish

Here, Sean thought, is the beginning of the broad and busy day, the leisurely evening, the calmer night, an evening full of poetry, dancing, and the linnet's wings; these on their way to the music of the accordian, those to that of a philharmonic orchestra; and, after all, to sleep, perchance to dream; but never to be conscious of a doubt about to-morrow's bread, certain that, while the earth remaineth, summer and winter should not cease, seedtime and harvest never fail."

### A NOBLE VISION

That is a vision of nobility to be irradiating the mind of an untutored youth living in the conditions here described, chasing the bugs out of the walls, fighting a lunatic brother-in-law, watching by the frightful death-beds of brother and sister whose lives had known too much of sorrow and too little of joy; a youth whose own future was clouded by the threat of misery upon misery: blindness, paralysis, tuberculosis and hunger. Out of the pit of his sorrows he looked up towards more than the loaf on the plate; he wanted the flower in the vase as well.

And the third of his preoccupations was concerned with the flower, with the stars. He found that few of his comrades in revolutionary movements knew anything or wanted to know anything about books and music and pictures; and this prevented any real fusion between them, except on utilitarian levels, for, if they wanted meat, these things to him were grace before meat and after.

Yeats's music was singing in his heart; the merry iconoclasm of Shaw was ringing in his head; and already in his hand was a pen scratching his first tentative thoughts upon paper. The time came when he began to wonder whether he could not contribute something better than fisticuffs to the causes he believed in. The premonitions of a different destiny began to stir within him. He looked at a comrade battered to death by the police. "The mighty baton! Each one an Erin's rod—able at the will of the owner to bud into a purple bloom of death. A warning to Sean. Keep



well away from them. That he'd do, for he wanted to live, feeling an urge of some hidden thing in him waiting its chance for an epiphany of creation."

And so Easter Week found him out of the ranks, else his voice might well have been stilled with Pearse's and Connolly's.

#### AUTHENTIC FIRE

Here the story pauses as the author gathers himself for the final leap. Thus far, it is one of the great autobiographies of our time, full of power and authentic fire. It has a moving flame-shot beauty: the doom of a way of life seems to be written in it. While reading it, one thinks continuously of the Elizabethans, whose sense of life and death was one thing, and who had a gusto that is forgotten by our pallid, thought-ridden day, full of inquisitiveness and empty of wonder. Here it is with us in full measure, but with an added ingredient, as though Whitman were joined on to Shakespeare, as though all the bright anarchy of individual life, maintaining itself, yet poured its waters consciously to a general flood. Whitman himself might have written this:

"Aha, here now was the unfolding of the final word from the evolving words of the ages, the word of the modern, the word En-Masse, and a mighty cheer gave it welcome."

There was so much in the young O'Casey's life that might have killed for ever his sense of humour, which is the sense of proportion; and not the least notable thing about this book is that humour is wonderfully present. The author can, and often does, lash out with satire; but the abiding feeling is of a man who has known the worst inhumanities and yet maintained the love of brethren, the sense that, did we but know it, we must all seek together, if ever we are to find it, both the cause of humanity's curse and its cure.

#### AMONG THE ESKIMO

Mr. W. B. Van Valin, who has written *Eskimoland Speaks* (Museum Press, 12s. 6d.), was employed by the United States Government as a school-teacher at Point Barrow, Alaska, high up within the Arctic Circle. He lived there for seven years with his wife and two children, one of whom was born in the Arctic.

In such a place, where white men are few and far between, a school-teacher has more to do than teach in a school. He is, says Mr. Van Valin, "supposed to be qualified for any emergency to which he might be called. He must serve as doctor, dentist, merchant, reindeer superintendent, carpenter, lawyer, judge and jury, and even as minister."

The book shows us Mr. Van Valin working within all these capacities and more, for he was explorer and huntsman, too. He made long and perilous journeys both by sea and land; he knew and liked the people among whom he worked; and here you have a plain unpretentious record of their daily lives and of the country in which they were spent.

A hard and bitter country it is. Although in some parts of Alaska, I learned to my surprise, "beautiful rhubarb and celery are grown in the open," tomatoes flourish in bay windows, and strawberries and many hardy vegetables are abundant, at Barrow, where the author lived, "there is no vegetable growth except reindeer moss, horse sorrel, ground willow, and a few flowers such as forget-me-nots, buttercups, daisies and bluebells. . . . There are no

bushes ankle-high of any description. Six inches beneath the surface, this section has long been, and from all appearances will long continue to be, in the grip of perpetual frost of undetermined depth."

Nevertheless, food is abundant for those hardy enough to seek it. Seals and sea-lions, whales and walrus, are tracked on the ice-floes and in the deeps, and on one occasion, going to the coast to catch smelt, Mr. Van Valin found the sea sweeping fish upon the beach in countless thousands.

"We filled everything we had. The filled gunny sacks were reserved for dog food. After letting them freeze solid, we would cut off chunks for the dogs, who ate both the sack and the fish."

As for bird-life, "the astonishing abundance in this Arctic region may well be the envy of hunters elsewhere. Tommy Brower, a small boy, bagged twenty-eight king eiders at one shot. . . . Another school-teacher is said to have dropped seventy brant with two barrels from a ten-gauge shotgun." Geese, ptarmigan, duck, snipe and the red-throated phalarope are there for the taking.

#### WASTEFUL HUNTING

There is great waste in the Arctic, as elsewhere. The author speaks of a Norwegian ship arriving on a walrus-hunt. It was hoped to kill 5,000 walrus. "Of course, they would wound and kill several times as many as they would get. As they take only the heads for the ivory tusks and teeth, there is much waste. They generally save the skins, but always discard an enormous amount of meat."

Mr. Van Valin has avoided all temptation to fill his book with picturesque matter. He has aimed at writing an objective account which shall give us the greatest possible amount of factual information. He has succeeded admirably. One admires both his work on the spot and his excellent account of it.

#### THE UNDERSTANDING OF POETRY

A NUMBER of copies of the original version of the book *Poetry Direct and Oblique* (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.) having been destroyed in 1940 by enemy action, Professor Tillyard has now turned the tables of adversity back upon themselves by recasting, cutting down, simplifying and adding some fresh matter, so that the present book is all but a new one. It is a valuable contribution to the understanding of poetry, and, although meant for the reader who is not himself a poet, should also clarify, even for poets, processes that in them are instinctive—such processes as Keats had in mind when he said that if poetry did not come to the poet like leaves to a tree it had better not come at all. The chapter "The Great Commonplaces" is particularly striking, and elucidates a matter seldom considered by critics in this or any age, the matter referred to in the title by the word "oblique."

This is aptly illustrated by reference to various poems, but notably to Blake's *Echoing Green*. In an Epilogue the author silences the practising poet who may be inclined to question his methods. "Is it not better for the common reader to have obliquity laboriously translated that he may grasp it than to miss it altogether? . . . Nor can the poets afford to neglect the common reader: for they depend on him for the encouragement to write as well as they can. And this being so, even they may admit that a second-best method of apprehending poetry may have its uses." The author proves it to be so. V. H. F.

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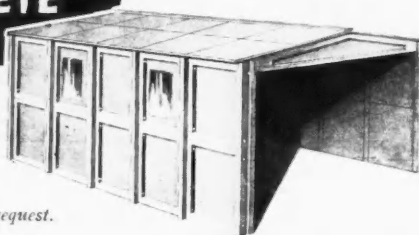
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## FARMING NOTES

# ROYAL SHOW IN 1947?

MUCH disappointment was expressed at the R.A.S.E. Council Meeting over the refusal of the Minister of Agriculture to authorise the Society to hold a Royal Show next year. Sir Roland Burke and Sir Archibald Weigall went to see Mr. Williams, but their pleas were turned down on the ground that the lack of transport, labour and materials made it impossible for the Ministry to sponsor a Royal Show. Will conditions be much better next year to make the Minister change his mind when the Society asks for permission to go ahead with the Show for 1947? A decision will have to be taken in the Summer at the latest, and it seems most probable that then the Government will be more worried than they are even now to get the fullest possible progress with their housing programme. Labour and materials will be the limiting factors, and unless Mr. Williams is really convinced that a Royal Show in 1947 is essential in the interests of food production the emissaries of the R.A.S.E. may again meet with a refusal.

### Functions of Shows

I AM told that the Agricultural Improvement Council has been reviewing the functions of agricultural shows. I hope that, before the Ministry comes to any conclusions, there will be the frankest discussions with the R.A.S.E. and the provincial show societies. It should be possible to link up the educational work which the Ministry is doing with the agricultural shows. At the pre-war shows there were always educational exhibits. Some were quite good, but it was a far cry from these exhibits to the cattle that won rosettes in the ring. Yet if pedigree and show standards mean anything they stand for the type of animal which will give the commercial producer the best return. Both the Ministry and the show societies want to see the benefits of good breeding spread as widely as possible. They can, I am sure, get together with advantage on this. In Britain we have some of the finest pure-bred herds in the world. We also have far too many mediocre cattle.

### Marked Uniformity

FROM the pedigree man's point of view a Royal Show in the near future is wanted to enable him to compare the animals he has bred with those of other leading breeders. In the war years there have been no opportunities for visual comparison. We have been able to note the outstanding milk yields of a few animals recorded by the British Friesian Cattle Society and other societies, but there has been no opportunity for comparing the type of animal which Mr. A. was developing with the type that Mr. B. was taking as his ideal. In this country we have always been proud of the uniformity within our breeds—both those bred for milk and those bred for beef. It is true that some of the dual-purpose breeds do occasionally show signs of splitting. For instance the type of Red Poll that won at the London Dairy Show before the war was rather different from the type of animal from the same breed that won at the Smithfield Show. But on the whole the uniformity within our breeds is much more marked than the visitor to Canada or the United States finds within the breeds there.

### Machinery Outlook

I EXPECT, too, that the manufacturers of agricultural machinery will be ready for a Royal Show in

1947. It would be an embarrassment for them to have one next year. Few of them have got new types of machinery in full production yet and they would have to turn down a great many orders. I do not know what ideas the machinery manufacturers may have for making the Royal Show more useful. It would certainly be an advantage to have a demonstration ground close and handy where farmers could see new machines at work. Thanks to the war agricultural committees and their technical officers we have learnt in the past few years how to stage effective demonstrations. This experience should be drawn on freely in planning the Royal Shows of the future.

### Contact with the Argentine

LORD COURTHOPE, the President of the R.A.S.E., evidently did a first-rate job for this country when, with his wife, he recently visited South America. Politically Argentina is proving a difficult bed-fellow just now. Lord Courthope met the leading men in the agricultural world there and visited their *estancias*, where he found himself quickly at home in discussing cattle breeding and many other common interests. Lord Courthope is a breeder of Sussex cattle. His Whiligh herd produces some excellent animals with the true stamp of the breed. Sussex cattle are not appreciated in South America, where they concentrate on a neater type to catch the fancy of the British market and meet their own domestic requirements. Everyone in Argentina is a judge of good beef, and they eat quantities that would surfeit even the most hardened peace-time gourmand here. Lord Courthope now has the satisfaction of knowing from the Foreign Secretary and other Ministers that his visit was well worth while.

### Canadian Holsteins

OTHER cattle breeders have lately been in Canada. At the invitation of the Canadian Holstein Breeders' Association the British Friesian Cattle Society here, which is their counterpart, sent a small mission to see whether the import of some Canadian Holsteins would be justified. On paper the Canadians have succeeded well in developing types that yield heavily and give a good percentage of butterfat. Milk is bought there by butterfat content as well as by weight. A few Canadian Holsteins have from time to time been imported into this country, but they have not been accepted for registration in the British Friesian herd book. The Canadian Holsteins and the British Friesians have the same origin. Both sprang from Holland. Now I am glad to hear that the British breeders who went over to Canada are satisfied that the Canadians have a good type of cow and that it would be an advantage to allow the import of a limited number which would qualify for entry into the herd book here. The number must be limited, because the Treasury will allow dollars for this only to the tune of £60,000. The best return for this money can probably be got by purchasing calves from some of the best herds. I congratulate Mr. Clemens, the Secretary of the Canadian Holstein Breeders' Association, on this outcome of his persistence. He has felt strongly that it was an unwarranted slur on the Canadian breed that they should be debarred from our herd book. He came over here himself a few months ago to clear the air and invite some of our leading breeders to see the Canadian herds. He must now be feeling pleased with himself.

CINCINNATUS.



## ESTATE MARKET

COMMERCIALISATION  
OF MAYFAIR

ON the whole the movement in favour of allowing a more or less unrestricted conversion of every part of Mayfair to commercial and professional purposes is meeting with powerful though at present quietly organised opposition. The first steps of commerce into the Mayfair region were slow and difficult, for the notion of business in that then wholly residential and undoubtedly fashionable area was something of a shock to tradition, and it was in direct conflict with long-standing precautions by great ground-landlords for the safeguarding of their rents and the amenities of the locality. Partly, however, owing to the very tempting terms offered by proposing purchasers and lessees the barrier was to some extent broken down.

## THE FIRST INROADS

THE first inroads having been made, subsequent advances proved much less difficult. The then unprecedentedly large purchase of property in and around Berkeley Square, in the year 1919, by the late Lord Bearsted, was commonly regarded as a probable prelude to drastic changes in the character of that part of Mayfair. From the Piccadilly frontage back to Berkeley Square other vital alterations ensued, on the sale of Devonshire House and Lansdowne House, and great blocks of flats arose not only in Berkeley Square but elsewhere within Mayfair. The impulse to acquire Mayfair premises and sites for business use has been powerfully quickened by the destruction of so much of the City of London. The consequences of the ultimate conversion of most of Mayfair to commercial and professional occupation are viewed with anxiety in many quarters, and the Town Planning and Improvements Committee of Westminster City Council is pressing upon the Council its firm opinion that the general intrusion of business throughout Mayfair, with the exception of Grosvenor Square, would be inimical to the true interests of that part of the West End.

PURCHASE BY THE CHURCH  
OF ENGLAND

SCARISBRICK HALL, the ancestral seat of the Scarisbrick family for centuries, the house rather more than 100 years old, has been bought by the Church of England and it is understood that it is to be adapted as a training centre for teachers.

Astley estate, near Leigh, about 45 farms, and a total yield of over £2,600 a year, has been sold by Messrs. Barker, Son and Lewis to a Manchester agents' client.

Over 30 country residential freeholds, mostly within daily reach of London, have been disposed of by Mr. Frank D. James, the manager of Harrods Estate Offices. As in other recent lists from Brompton Road, the average price of about a dozen of the houses is £9,000, and the less costly range for the most part round £3,000 to £4,000. A £10,000 sale is that of a modern house, incorporating part of a house 400 years old, at Whitechurch, near Aylesbury, with a delightful garden and orchard extending to 4 acres.

## WEALDEN IRON INDUSTRY

THE old iron-working industry of the Weald of Kent and Sussex is recalled by the name of a holding of 154 acres, Furnace Farm, at Lamberhurst, near Tonbridge. The price realised was £12,250. For two farms, together 329 acres, let at £308 a year, Messrs. Simmons and Sons have

accepted an offer of £10,100 at a Reading auction. Nursery gardens, which were a drug in the market three or four years ago, are again coming into favour with buyers. Just over 17 acres at Colchester have been sold for £4,500.

The Town Hall at Horsham was overcrowded when Messrs. King and Chasemore submitted the Roffey Park properties, among them a number of good farms. The tenants were fortunate enough to outbid ordinary buyers, and much of the land now belongs to those who until the auction were rent-payers. The total realisation is believed to be approximately £84,000.

FARMING FOR RELEASED  
SERVICE MEN

WILTSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL have purchased Lackham estate, a mile from Lacock, near Chippenham, and intend to use it as a training establishment in agriculture for men released from the Services. Lackham House and 600 acres are comprised in the sale, which was negotiated by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on behalf of Major H. P. Holt, to whom, in 1926, they sold the Lackham property, then of 1,470 acres, acting on that occasion for the representative of the late Lord Glanely.

The late Sir William Henry Goschen's Essex property of about 140 acres with the Georgian residence, Durrington House, has been sold for just over £14,000, by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff.

Kidbrooke Park, on the fringe of Ashdown Forest, has been until recently the emergency offices of the Alliance Assurance Company. Earlier it was the seat of Mr. Olaf Hambro. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Turner, Rudge and Turner have sold the property to a school. The house is notable for its panelling and splendid plasterwork and the beauty of the gardens is enhanced by the Kid Brook, a tributary of the Medway, which flows through them, broadening on its course into a couple of lakes.

Bayfordbury, near Hertford, for many years the mansion in which the Kit Cat Club portraits were kept, has been sold with 370 acres, to the John Innes Horticultural Institution.

ESTATE AGENTS'  
WAR-SERVICE

IN no section of national life and activity will a speedy demobilisation of experts be more welcome than in the architectural, surveying and land management professions. While many of those who have been serving have been posted to work that called for the exercise of their professional skill, many more have had no such opportunities, and it will take time for them to habituate themselves to office routine and peace-time duties. Probably only a few of the young men in the Services have had a chance to progress with their studies for professional qualifications and that will mean a lot of hard study after the day's work is done. Surveyors, auctioneers, estate agents and experts in the valuation of furniture and miscellaneous chattels will all alike find far-reaching changes in the law and practice affecting their various activities, since the fateful year, 1939. The real estate region is sharply divided into special departments, and the more complete the specialisation of those who engage in the work the higher the degree of efficiency that will accrue.

ARBITER.

HE  
lives on the  
LAND!



When Britain stood on the brink of war in 1938-9, our total agricultural output was £7,000,000 less than that of the previous year.

In the first world war we had been taught the lesson—but we didn't learn it. It took a second world war to drive home the truth that Food is a "Front" in war. And in peace! For you can never have town-prosperity if you don't have country-prosperity first. In peace no less than in war, we ALL "live" on the land.



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to help foster the prosperity of our country.

THE COUNTRYMAN HAS A WORD FOR IT.



## A SOUNDER OF SWINE

The old English word 'sounder', meaning a herd of swine, is one of the many country terms which are almost unknown to the townsman. Pharmacy has an equally specialized language of its own. For example, the 'subscription' of a prescription is the part which contains the directions to the dispenser. You can always rely on Boots to translate your Veterinary Surgeon's prescriptions into the correct specific, from drugs of tested purity.



a household word throughout the country

# THE COLOURS OF THIS WINTER



- Profile hat in stitched felt with cavalier brim. Crimson underlined black. From Paget

- (Right) Winter favourite—the straight coat in tobacco brown blanket cloth (half-lined, so fifteen coupons) with squared shoulders and two-way fastening. Harella

- (Below) A beret that rises in two peaks with feathers between. From Paget



PHOTOGRAPHS: STUDIO BUCKLEY

THE great woollen manufacturers report revived interest in greys, ranging from bleached tones such as platinum, lavenders which have a strong tinge of blue, to the more sombre stormy greys. Digby Morton calls his Winter grey "eye-shadow." It is a mid-grey with a good deal of yellow and red in it, almost mole, and he uses it for one of the best dresses in his collection which has gauged bands inlet on the bodice of the dress in two deep U shapes with the same motif outlining a yoke on the jacket and continuing over the tops of the sleeves. Platinum grey is being featured in the fur collections and suitings in greys as dark as storm clouds, some almost pitch black, are everywhere. Mr. Neumann of Rima mixes his greys for tweeds, using two tones of a silver-grey for some boldly striped patterns. He makes the dress underneath in a plain silver-grey woollen. Silver-grey and dove-grey appear for some charming short dinner dresses that are dotted all over with grey



## Double 2 Two

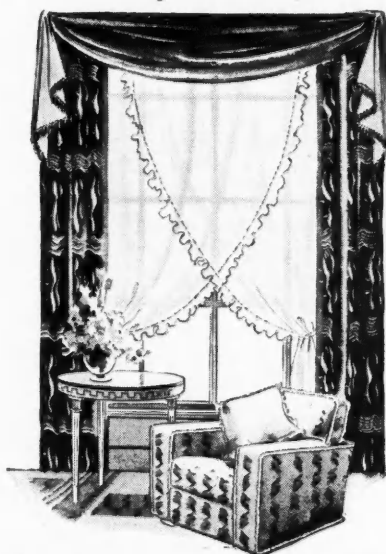


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loveliness  
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### INTERIOR DECORATORS

The urge to decorate is as old as time, and many public buildings and private homes demonstrate the skill of the professional interior decorator.

Most women, however, prefer to plan their own domestic background. Courtauld's lovely furnishing fabrics will give unlimited scope for individual tastes

*Courtauld's*

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**M**aternity dress cleverly designed with double wrap in a super quality spot rayon material. Black ground with royal, green, pink, or red spot. Sizes: 34, 36, 38

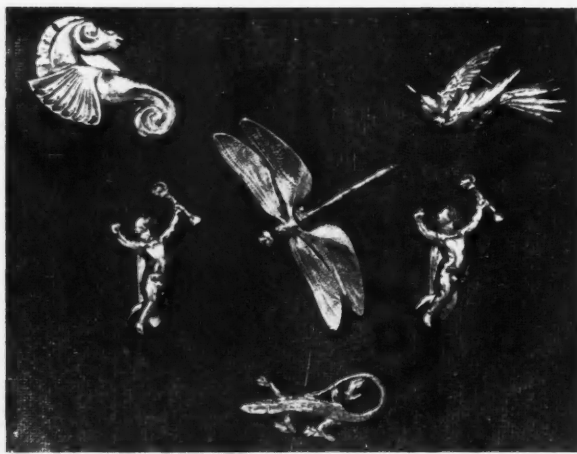
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**Harvey Nichols**  
**of Knightsbridge**

studs or have the studs arranged as a great comet trailing down one side of the bodice, with corresponding drapery on the tight skirts. Clear blues—sky, turquoise, aquamarine—are worn a lot with the greys, also mushroom brown.

The greys have the first place, but there is a great deal of tobacco brown about in London, especially noticeable in some dashing town coats with full skirts, tiny waists and tight, double-breasted tops. A tobacco-brown cloth, saddle-stitched in dark brown and worn with a high-crowned feathered felt toque or a muffin cap in dark-brown leather, makes one of the outstanding outfits of the Autumn. Tobacco-brown coats of the more casual type, hanging straight from the shoulder, are very easy to wear, charming with a felt which has a wide upturned brim; the same coat can look sophisticated with a sable cap and tie worn over a sleek black suit. The tails are used to make a fringe on the tie and twine round the top of a high cone cap:

Putty is a word that is creeping into the tweed collections. This is a warm becoming tone and a very useful one, as it can be combined successfully with almost any other colour and is also good with black. In contrast to all this array of neutrals, the colours used for blouses and sweaters are mostly very bright and clear—lime, coral, sky blue, turquoise, royal blue, emerald, canary yellow. The blouses are tailored in thin wool and look very cheerful with the neutral-toned suits. They are neat as a new pin with round or Puritan collars, usually stiffened, shallow shoulder yokes and long bishop's sleeves. Another style has three-quarter sleeves and an open neck which makes it more "dressy." Both are designed to be worn with the skirt of a suit and look like a dress. A few rare blouses are patterned. The glen-checked shirts are chic with plain tweeds; so are the gay tie motifs or Paisley designs. But patterned materials are becoming as precious as silk stockings.



Silver metal lapel ornaments—dolphin, bird, dragon-fly, lizard and a pair of cupids bearing torches. Debenham and Freebody

If these odd shades of grey take the eye by reason of their newness, the collections still abound in rich clear colours—notably veridian green, fuchsia and violet, featured by Rima; the tawny and gold tweeds by Angele Delanghe the royal and lavender blues by Digby Morton. There is, on the whole, less of the cherry, pillar-box red and hunting pink that has been in fashion all through the war. Though these bright red coats are still fashionable, they are most effective when they are worn over plain black clothes with plain black hats—toques worn well forward or dustman's hats turned back from the face.

Smart women in London are adding all kinds of pretty touches to transform their tweeds for town. At luncheon the other day I saw a pretty dark girl wearing a velvet skull cap with a long tassel dangling down on to her shoulders. She had on a neat putty-coloured herring-bone tweed suit with one of the short, fitted jackets and gored skirt, and the skull cap was bottle green. Another putty tweed suit, worn by an older woman, had a massive turquoise matrix clip pinned on the lapel which exactly matched her fine wool shirt. A crimson felt fez and gloves set off a grey-green tweed coat, belted to a tiny waist; fuchsia sweater, tam and gloves a dark green and brown shot tweed suit. Older women are wearing violet felts and violet buttonholes with silver-grey tweeds, grey felts cockaded with coq's feathers with dark green tweed suits. A putty-coloured corduroy jacket has its own feathered Robin Hood hat, an emerald green tweed skirt, tan leather accessories. A turban twisted from two brilliant Paisley squares, predominantly Indian yellow, has a yellow shirt, is worn with tobacco-brown tweeds. The long straight coats are worn over everything, everywhere, and the thicker they look the smarter they are.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

*Great Scotch!*

All the rare qualities of Highland liqueur whisky—its subtlety, its strength, its tang, its softness, its stimulus, its comfort—all are expertly balanced in Old Angus. The war has, of course, sadly reduced supplies, but Old Angus is still obtainable—may your search be rewarded.



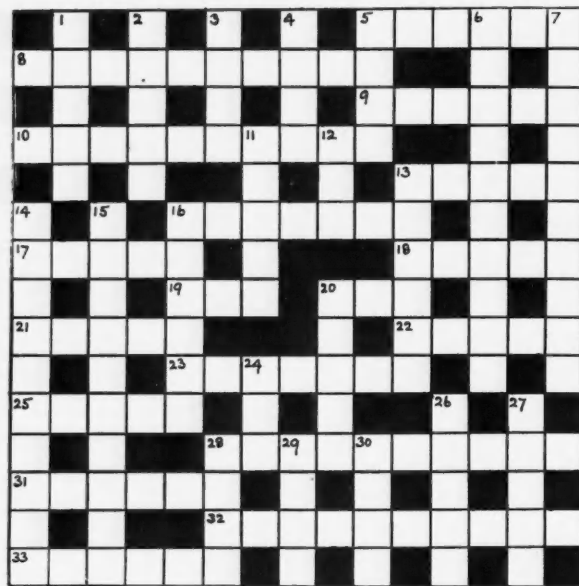
A NOBLE SCOTCH—Gentle as a lamb

O.A.S.

## CROSSWORD No. 824

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 824, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, November 15, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name .....  
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address .....

**SOLUTION TO No. 823.** The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of November 2, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Palpitations; 9, Piping hot; 10, Their; 11, Indeed; 12, Incheape; 13, Galops; 15, Slips off; 18, To-morrow; 19, Stream; 21, Gioconda; 23, Bonbon; 26, Monad; 27, Container; 28, Two in the bush. DOWN.—1, Popping; 2, Loped; 3, Innkeeper; 4, Ache; 5, Intently; 6, Notch; 7, Herself; 8, See above; 14, Lampoons; 16, Patronage; 17, Mordecai; 18, Tegumai; 20, Monarch; 22, Of dew; 24, Bantu; 25, Knot.

### ACROSS

5. Shelley said the west wind was the breath of its being (6)
8. "Let us sit upon the ground And tell ——— of the death of kings." —Shakespeare (3, 7)
9. Felix junior? (6)
- 10 and 21. You can't escape it by shutting your eyes to it (1, 9, 5)
13. Looks like a whole heap to get together, and so it is! (5)
16. Man who builds at least one pier (7)
17. Maxim (not from the gun, but the cracker) (5)
18. Childish throat malady (5)
19. Medicinal shrub in a Paris street (3)
20. Over which the lowing herd winds slowly (3)
21. See 10
22. Dog that makes noise depart? (5)
23. Disunited, it may cross the river—but cut it short! (7)
25. Uttered aspiration of the card dealer! (5)
28. Position for Marryat's midshipman to be taking up? (6, 4)
31. Get down, apparently not in the dark (6)
32. Hardly the right way for a native to address Newfoundland (3, 7)
33. Chicken's sports trophy? (6)

### DOWN

1. Hesitate (5)
2. How 5 across's poet described his words, to be scattered by the wind (5)
3. A favourite Winnie on his head (4)
4. Gotham's trio (4)
5. Questions (4)
6. Degree to which a blunt pencil may be brought? (2, 2, 1, 5)
7. "Now lies he there, And ——— to do him reverence." —Shakespeare (4, 2, 4)
11. Liberate (5)
12. Lo! (3)
13. Where the queue is under cover (6)
14. Meet in a cap (anagr.) (10)
15. How the unsteady may be arranging his holidays (10)
16. A mixed patrol at the gate? (6)
20. Burdened (5)
24. The brown one is said to have driven the black from England (3)
26. Price of thinking (5)
27. Common or garden utilitarians? (5)
28. It's nearly time to, anyway! (4)
29. Said incorrectly (4)
30. A retrospective mood (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 822 is  
Lt.-Col. H. B. Thacker,  
H.Q. Northumbrian District,  
Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne

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